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THE PEPPERELLS OF KITTERY POINT, MAINE.

VERY few points on our coast excel in interest the promontory stretching out into the Atlantic between the Piscataqua and Wells Bay, and terminating in Mount Agamenticus. It is one of the headlands of history. I have traversed it afoot, and have often plied the oar almost beneath the shadow

not have made his first land-fall hereabouts—for on a clear day Agamenticus is visible near forty miles at sea—or dreamed of the discoveries of an even more remote antiquity.

Gosnold must have sighted old Agamenticus in 1602, as he fell in with the New-England coast in latitude 43°. Smith's caravel,

marshes intersected by creeks. A good sailor will not be caught in Wells Bay in a north-easter if he can help it. I doubt if there can be found a more murderous-looking coast than the shores of the fishing-village of Ogunquit, where the Isidore, a brand-new ship, on her first voyage, was lost, with ev-



SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL'S HOUSE, KITTERY POINT, MAINE.

of grim old 'Menticus, as the fishermen along-shore call it. I have scrambled over the ledges, and have explored the wonderful little coves that here and there indent the jagged dead-line of the mariner. Lying becalmed on a summer sea, I have speculated whether Cabot, Verazzani, Cartier, or De Monts might

with its oddly-shaped prow, and high, ornamental stern, no doubt breasted the strong tide of the Piscataqua in 1614.

On one side the cape is a good harbor and safe anchorage; on the other side are tremendous cliffs of tawny rock, grinning ledges, and long reaches of sandy beach with salt

ery soul on board, on a wild winter's night in 1842. I recollect a single stanza of the thirty-two dedicated to that ill-fated vessel:

"Come let us all deeply deplore
The fate of the bark Isidore,
Which on November, 'forty-two,
Perished with all her gallant crew."

Old York, lying at the extremity of the cape, is one of the oddest places imaginable. It has but lately been rediscovered by those persistent pioneers, the summer tourists. It once boasted a considerable commerce, of which no other evidence now remains than its decaying wharves, dilapidated warehouses, and a few vessels of small tonnage. The areas belonging to the cottages are, at the proper season, aglow with lilacs, scarlet beans, and poppies, while the walks and flower-beds are bordered with sea-shells or mosaics of beach-pebbles—the indubitable marks of a seaport town. Continue on to the wharves, and you may chance to pick up a piece of coral, brought home years ago from a West-Indian port as ballast. A yawl high and dry with half her side stove, a broken spar, or discarded caboose, are objects common enough in such a place, and are in entire accord with the few weather-beaten loungers always encountered at the water-side. On my first visit, having inquired of one of these rusted-out old sea-dogs for an hotel, he gravely assured me there was none in the village, but offered to direct me to the tavern, a distinction more nice than I could have expected in such a place.

Yet Old York, first called Agamenticus, was the first incorporated city of America, Sir Ferdinando Gorges having, about 1640, given it a charter, appointed a mayor and aldermen, and made it a free port under the name of Gorgiana. It still boasts the possession of some of the early garrison-houses of the Indian wars, remarkable in their decrepitude. Those relics indicate a time when travel to the eastward kept the seaboard, and when Old York was a place of much greater relative importance than at present. During the savage inroads communication between the settlements was extremely difficult. Low tide afforded the adventurous messenger a way, by making use of the sea-beaches wherever practicable. When the journey appeared too hazardous for even the hardy settlers, dogs were dispatched with a pouch of letters attached to their collars.

Mason and Gorges spent twenty thousand pounds each in trying to effect settlements in Maine. The former, known as the founder of New Hampshire, was Governor of Portsmouth Castle, England, when George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was preparing to renew his descent on La Rochelle. It was in Mason's house that the duke was assassinated by Felton.

Kittery Point is, like Old York, become a resort during the summer months. It abounds in the materials of picturesque history, which throw around the place a charm rivaling its natural attractions. The seat of the Pepperells is not far from the hotel of mine host Safford, the depository of all the local traditions.

The Pepperell mansion is formed of two houses, the south part having been built by the father of the conqueror of Louisburg, and the north part by Sir William. The building was once much more extensive than it now appears, having been, about twenty years ago, curtailed of ten feet at either end. Until the death of the elder Pepperell in

1734, the house was occupied by his own and his son's families, and must have contained as many apartments as a good-sized modern hotel. The lawn in front reached to the sea, and an avenue, a quarter of a mile in length, skirted by branching trees, conducted to the house of Colonel Sparhawk, east of the village church. Plain as is its exterior, the Pepperell mansion represents one of the greatest fortunes of the colonial time in New England. It used to be said that Sir William could ride to the Saco, thirty miles distant from his home, without going off his own possessions.

The elder Sir William, by his will, made the son of his daughter Elizabeth and Colonel Sparhawk his residuary legatee, requiring him, at the same time, to relinquish the name of Sparhawk and assume that of Pepperell. The baronetcy, extinct with the elder Sir William, was revived by the king for the benefit of his grandson, who, being a loyalist, went to England in 1775, and the large estates in Maine and elsewhere were confiscated. The last baronet is the prominent figure in West's "Reception of the American Loyalists by Great Britain." The poet Longfellow has a picture, painted by Copley, in England, representing the children in a park, the portraits being those of William and Elizabeth Royall Pepperell. In the Essex Institute at Salem, Massachusetts, is a full-length of the victor of Louisburg, at the age of fifty-five, painted in London in 1751, by Smibert. The baronet appears attired in a laced coat of scarlet cloth, and is holding a baton in his hand. In the background the painter has reproduced the siege, with bombs traversing the heavens toward a beleaguered fortress.

The year 1745 opened with Europe in commotion—the Emperor Charles VII. dead in January; all the petty German princes striving for the imperial crown; France supporting the pretensions of the Grand-duke of Tuscany; Austria, seeing her advantage in the middle, invades Bohemia; Frederick the Great swoops upon Saxony, and marches into Dresden at the head of his grenadiers; war is surging along the Rhenish frontier, and blazing fiercely in Silesia, Hungary, and Italy; France is in the field with a powerful army, under her illustrious soldier and profligate, Maurice de Saxe.

England has, of course, a hand in the broil. Dissension is in her cabinet when unity is most essential. Lord Chesterfield is sent to the Hague to induce the States-General to engage in the war. The quadruple alliance is signed at Warsaw—England, as usual, furnishing the money. The allied army, under the Duke of Cumberland, advances against the French, and Belgium becomes once more the battle-ground. Fontenoy follows. Marshal Saxe, carried along his lines in a litter, wins the day, and with it all the Austrian Netherlands. Duke William, afterward the red-handed victor of Drummoissie Moor, falls back upon Brussels.

Here the beaten army is roused from its despondency by the news of the fall of Louisburg, the great French stronghold, sometimes called the Dunkirk of America. Great were the rejoicings in the allied camp. A review

of the whole army, by order of the duke, signalized the event. The forces were drawn up in battle order, the park of artillery being formed on an extensive plain near Vilvorden. According to the military etiquette of the time, the field-officers saluted his royal highness as he passed the line by dropping the points of their swords, while the other officers, who carried fuses, only took off their hats.

Nothing better illustrates the ever-changing fortunes which nations experience than the fact that the mighty fortress which cost twenty-five years to build, sustained two sieges, and before whose strong walls hundreds of lives were sacrificed, would, if it were now in existence, possess not the least political consequence. It is scarcely less curious to remark that, while the solid bastions of Louisburg have almost disappeared, the homely dwelling of the Pepperells still remains, overlooking the sea much as when the flag of France waved above the battlements of Cape Breton.

In the neighborhood of the Pepperell mansion are several other houses of scarcely inferior interest. I remember that several years ago, when the Maine Historical Society held one of its anniversaries, it was resolved to have an informal meeting in the old Cutts house, but when the members and invited guests applied for admission on the spot, the door was shut in their faces, and the learned pundits departed with a cold shoulder apiece.

I have known a hundred sail riding at anchor in full view from the Pepperell House, the haven being the usual refuge for coasters caught along-shore in a northeaster. It is a sight worth seeing when the whole fleet gets under way with a fair wind. The sharp click of the windlasses, the rattling chains, and the creaking of blocks, together with the cheery refrains of the crews, make the harbor all alive with animation. The sailors' "shanty," as they heave away at the windlass, is borne to your ears with a sonorous rounding off of the refrain. Here it is, rhyme being of little consequence on the fore-castle:

"Then heave away, my bully boys,
Heave away, my Johnnies!"

Or, this:

"Then heave up the anchor, boys,
Brace round the main-yard;
Haul taut your port bow-line,
And let the good ship fly!"

You watch the convoy as one by one the vessels spread their sails and go bowling over the waves on their several destinations, until the very last clears the harbor's mouth, and the surface of the river is become as placid as if it had never been disturbed by the plash of a hundred anchors.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

THE WHITE-HILL PIT.

AT early twilight on a June evening there sat at a tea-table in one of the lofty parlors of a fine old country-house among the Essex hills a party of four persons, one of whom was detailing an experience, that had befallen him that day, while the others were attentively listening.

The host, an aged gentleman, sat opposite the relater. On his right hand, silent and motionless, was Godfrey Nassau, the young rector of the parish, and on his left was his daughter, with her pretty head resting upon her hand, and with her face, softly illuminated by the failing light, turned, like her father's, full upon the story-teller.

This story-teller was a handsome and powerfully-built man of thirty or thereabout, and he addressed what he said solely to his *vis-à-vis* and to the girl, seemingly ignoring the presence of the rector. His voice was strong and sympathetic, and he modulated it artfully. It appeared from what he said that he had that day, while in search for subjects for sketching, come suddenly and without warning upon an immense, terrible, and dangerous pit, a deserted marble-quarry, the edges of which were secreted by a fringe of underbrush.

This, the host had explained, was the White-Hill Pit.

The narrator went on and described the place, vividly setting forth its sinister features, and dwelling at great length upon the horrors of falling into it.

At this point, the sensitive girl moved a little, and the two young men perceived, even in the faint light, that she had become pale. Nassau saw that the speaker observed it, but still he hesitated to interfere.

The other, flattered at the effect he had produced, heartlessly went on, and with subtle skill enlarged upon the agonies of a downward flight through the air, and dwelt with painful minuteness upon the final shock, and the accompanying dismemberment of the body.

Miss Alice, heavy-eyed, pallid, and trembling from head to foot, here fell forward in a faint, in the midst of great confusion.

She was immediately carried from the room with the aid of servants, and, after a short absence, the host hastily returned to assure his guests that they need feel no apprehension in regard to her.

He found them in the midst of a hot dispute. He listened for a moment in astonishment.

Said Nassau in a half-suppressed, but still penetrating, voice:

"I am *certain* that that was a deliberate and calculated attempt on your part to produce an effect. It was not at all necessary to the proper description of that terrible spot that you should couple shocking personal experiences with it. You were wanton and cruel!"

"I do not admit that you are a judge."

"Possibly, then, you do not admit that we have had evidence?"

"It seems to me that you are showing a temper in this matter that does not become a rector."

"It is as much the duty of a rector, sir, to declare his antipathy to an ill as it is to show his love for a virtue, and, when the crime that he discovers has been a covert one, he is bound to let it be known that he has not been blind. I—"

"Nassau! Nassau! Sir!" The host here hastened forward. "Nassau, I am surprised—I—you—this is a sudden outbreak! I—"

"It had a sudden provocation, sir!"

"But you are too hasty. You jump at conclusions. Now, I did not see any thing of the fault you mention. You must remember that Willis, there, is a giant in *physique*, and that he has, naturally, the feelings of a giant. His mind is active and vigorous, and his imagination paints in strong colors. You, who are a slighter and thinner-blooded man, are acutely, and perhaps morbidly, alive to shades of meaning that for him do not exist. As for Alice, I do not doubt that she was tired, or nervous and—"

"But, even—" eagerly interposed Nassau.

"Stop!" interrupted the other. "Allow me, for a moment, I beg of you. I wanted to say that, if she yields so readily to such mild attacks upon her fancy, I think it is high time that she and all the household were infused with some strong and hearty sensations. Perhaps, we all need the influence of an active and animated spirit, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, Mr. Willis is to prove our reformer. I am sure, Nassau, that you will, after a little cool thought, agree with me. Perhaps you are somewhat overstrung yourself. You know that your labors have been severe, of late—perhaps you are a little sensitive—who knows?"

There was a moment's silence. The three men stood motionless in the gathering gloom, and were hardly discernible to each other.

"Come, Nassau," said the host, finally, in a gently-urgent tone—"come, let me make your peace; permit me to express your goodwill for my guest—may I not?"

Perhaps there was something mandatory in the request, still Nassau did not permit himself to hesitate. He replied:

"Certainly, if you will be so kind."

Each made a rigid and formal bow, and then, after the silence of another instant, the host essayed a new and more cheerful vein of talk.

He was but partially successful, however, for the adverse temper of the moment was too strong to be thus easily changed. Both Nassau and Willis made formal attempts at courtesy, but these each and all lacked the saving grace of truth, and so they chilled upon the air like winter breaths.

In an hour the rector took his departure.

He walked down over the lawns, now and then looking at the lighted upper windows of the old house.

He leaped over the palings, and, stepping into the moonlit road, walked slowly on toward his distant home, with his head bent upon his breast, and with his hands clasped behind him.

He was passing his case and its circumstances in review.

"Come," said he to himself, "let us admit it—my path is becoming a hard and thorny one. I can no longer refuse to be convinced of that. Willis is my rival. Alice has grown strangely cold to me. The father's eyes are filled with the virtues of the new hero, and the old one is being pushed aside. That is the sum of it. It is neither more nor less than that. Willis is a powerful, athletic, spirited man; he is full of life and energy. He sings, he rides, he rows, he laughs aloud, he recites, he fills the house with noise and excitement. This pleases his host. His old

heart is delighted—and it is natural that it should be; yes—it is natural. But Alice—Alice can surely find little to love in all this. It is impossible that her tender spirit can be cheered or soothed by such virtues. Yet she is gradually drawing away from me, she avoids me, she gives me short answers, she does not smile when I come, or try to detain me when I go. Ah, I did not think I could be so unhappy! Still, how impossible this is! It cannot be! He is cruel, selfish, heartless. Nothing true and lasting can bridge the gulf between them! They are too dissimilar to love each other. I am sure of that! But let me be calm. Let me judge fairly and justly between us—let me examine our separate dispositions, and assure myself that I am not in the wrong. It seems hard that he, so much of a stranger, should rush in and tear asunder our sweet companionship with so rude a hand, and assume by force what I had earned by long waiting! But patience, patience. Let me study how I can undeceive them, and warn them of the impending danger. Let me think and plan what I can do to restore the old order of things that I loved—alas! perhaps, too well."

Communing thus with himself, the rector kept on his way, revolving his troubles in his mind, and gradually bringing out of the chaos a well-defined and necessary purpose.

During the few days that succeeded this, Willis urged his new-born claim to Miss Alice's favor with great persistence, and Nassau, standing partially aside, felt the current turn more and more strongly against himself.

Finally, urged by his ever-increasing pain and anxiety, he one afternoon sought out his rival, whom he found at the edge of a wood upon a hill-side, where he was occupied in sketching the broad and glowing interval.

He was smoking, and was entirely at ease in his loose garments, while Nassau, in circumspect black, stood formally erect, at short speaking distance.

"I had hoped," said the latter, coldly, after explaining in a few words the object of his visit, "that I could persuade you to regard this matter from my stand-point."

"It would be quite as reasonable that I should demand that you look at it from mine."

"I do not agree with you."

"Indeed!"

"For I think you are the interloper, or, rather, the intruder."

"Is not that a little harsh?"

"Perhaps so—I beg your pardon."

There was a silence. Willis went calmly on with his painting and smoking, while Nassau seemed to be holding his breath. Presently he resumed.

"I should like to discuss the subject with you, for we could then see clearer, I think. It is a little complex at present, and no doubt we could each explain enough to permit us to act more intelligently."

"Possibly."

"Shall I go on?"

"Oh, yes—yes."

"I suppose you admit that you love Miss Weymouth?"

"Admit it? No, I do not admit it."

"Sir?"

"I do not admit it, I assert it."

"Under the circumstances, it seems to me that you make an unnecessary distinction in the terms."

"On the contrary, it is a distinction that I feel obliged to make in order to keep your self-sufficiency in its place. Were I accountable to you, I should admit. Inasmuch as accountability to you is out of the question, I simply state the fact, for your edification, that I love Miss Weymouth."

Willis, in spite of himself, showed a little heat. The other retained his outward composure, though his blood boiled within him. He did not speak until he felt that he could trust himself.

"Let me go over the ground," said he, gently; "let me make a little review. You came in upon our party of three, and found that Miss Weymouth and I entertained regard for each other, and that, on my part at least, there was a strong and earnest affection. Our intercourse was looked upon with favor by her father, and I do not doubt that you found us very happy, both as regards the present and the future. There had been no positive engagement to marry made between us, and you seemed to feel that the absence of any such bond gave you a right to interpose your own claims—claims that sprang into existence too suddenly to be valid. That is, it seems so to me."

Willis laughed, but his cigar went out.

Nassau continued:

"You and I are men of very different temperament. You are a man of impulse, and I am a man of deliberation. You are powerful, vigorous, athletic, and a man of the world; I am a student. We each require to love and to be loved. In order that our natures shall be satisfied, it will be necessary that we each secure the affection of one suited to them. If we are seeking, like honorable and intelligent men, after true wives, it is preposterous that we should strive to secure the regard of the same woman. She must be entirely dissimilar to one of us, and I do not think that we can both persist in our attempts to gain her hand without doing a gross wrong. You understand me. I do not say at whose door this wrong will rest. I do not say that you are blameworthy for what you have done, and neither do I admit that I am. I merely insist that that delicate, sensitive, and thoughtful girl should not be subjected to the risk of entanglement in marriage with the one of us two that is unfit for her. Which one of us is the unfit one he himself must decide, and I think, in plain words, that he, in the name of all honor and manliness, must feel bound to withdraw."

Nassau stopped and looked attentively at Willis, who still kept at work.

"That is very fairly put," said the other, reflectively.

Nassau's face lighted up with a sudden, brilliant look. His eyes sparkled, and his flush returned into his pale cheeks:

"Then—then you will consider it. I know that I am right."

"Consider it? Certainly. And I suppose that you will."

"Certainly I shall. But the trial that one of us must be put to, will be a severe one."

"Yes, undoubtedly," returned Willis, calmly. "I was about to say that myself."

The two men exchanged glances. Nassau, trained to the task of commanding himself, felt that to say more would be dangerous. Yet, at the same time, he was convinced, by the character of the look that he had received, that he had made but little progress. It had been defiant and almost aggressive. Still, he forced a smile into his anxious face.

"I will not ruin your pretty picture there by interrupting you any further," said he. "I will go on and take my walk."

"Very well, and I will go on with my painting."

"And—and," added the rector, stepping away down the slope, "we agree to think the matter over, do we?"

"Yes, we agree to think the matter over," replied Willis.

He raised his head and looked after the slender figure of his rival as it slowly moved down the gay, befloored slope.

"Poor devil!" reflected he; "it is lucky for him that he did not live in the days when they won wives at the point of the sword—he would not have earned a milk-maid."

Another week passed by. In it Willis showed no mercy to Nassau. He opened his ports, as it were, and declared himself to all who cared to see.

With his strong voice, erect and energetic bearing, and glowing eye, he habitually overrode the simpler and gentler man, and yet he gave no cause for an outbreak. Where Nassau would have been content to sit in quiet beside his sweet mistress, Willis talked graceful sentiment. Where Nassau would have pondered and have answered gravely, Willis had something decisive to say. Nassau was satisfied to avoid prominence in manner and language, but Willis always appeared in the van, and beside each other they were as gray and crimson.

The host, who was little else than a white-haired boy himself, gave openly to the stronger youth, and Nassau, sick at heart, felt that the ground was slipping away from beneath him.

He walked alone over the hills and dales, praying for means to combat his enemy, but he thought that he got no answer.

His little world grew dark to him.

There was something incredible in it all. There was an element in the case that seemed so monstrous, so fearfully wrong, that he often refused to contemplate it, but now, that matters were becoming so involved and so desperate with him, he was forced to confront it.

This was the conduct and demeanor of Alice herself.

If he called and asked for her now, it was likely that he would be told that she was strolling with Willis. He knew that she praised Willis. He had seen her eyes fixed upon him. He had seen her give Willis her hand when she withheld it from him. She gazed at her father whenever he told of Willis's fortunes at the trout-brooks, or of his long and rapid walks, or of his bold riding, or of his wit.

If all these trifles and their kin were indications negatively adverse to him, there

was another set of trifles that told *positively* against him. Alas! how eagerly, how anxiously, did he catch at them and apply them for his discomfort! She now no longer read with him; no longer visited the sick with him; no longer praised his work; no longer smiled when he approved; no longer blushed and turned aside her face as she had been wont to do whenever their conversations had led them hap-hazard into strange confessions. She was distant with him; reserved; retreating; anxious; ill at ease.

One day he saw her in the distance throw herself weeping upon her father's breast. "Ah," said he to himself, stopping, "how she loves him!"

Hardly had he thus formulated the thought, when there opened upon his confused mind a new prospect.

It was as if a sudden flash of sunlight had been shot down in the middle of the night. He now saw clearly. She loved her father! Strange that he had overlooked filial love in his contemplation of his own love! Strange that he had been so childishly blind! Strange that he had not imagined that her sense of duty and accountability might have had some force with her!

He felt in a second as if he were walking upon air.

Still, wait! He must be sure of this. He must have proofs. He must not make a protest until he was positive as to his grounds. He must look hard and think hard.

Another day slipped by, and yet another.

Alice now forbore to speak with him. His pain became insupportable. Willis still laughed and sang, and his gay voice and handsome presence still filled the eyes of the father.

Finally, Alice fled from the garden, when Nassau, one afternoon, suddenly entered it. The escape was precipitate; yet, as she disappeared, she turned full upon him a gaze of indescribable meaning.

Nassau's soul arose in arms.

But he reflected for one more day.

Then he went to search for Willis. He was intent upon making one more appeal to him.

If he failed in it, he would hasten to the father, and, with all the strength and eloquence that he could command, would beseech him to look more closely to the complication that seemed so dangerous and so full of wrong.

He hastened first to the old domicile.

He found no one there. It seemed that Willis had gone into the woods an hour before with his easel and boxes.

"Well, but is not the doctor in his study?"

"No, sir; he is in the lower garden. I heard him say that he was going over near the White-Hill Pit to see if there were any trees there that he could transplant."

"But Miss Alice?"

"She has gone out, too, sir. She has gone for a walk, I think."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir, alone. She asked me in which direction her father had gone, and she followed him."

"And is she well to-day?"

"She is pale—very pale."

"Ah!"

Here there was a pause.

Then Nassau inquired for the direction that Willis had taken.

"He went in the direction of the White Hill, too, sir. I think he told Miss Alice yesterday that there was a cliff there that he wanted to paint."

Nassau departed on his search. He walked rapidly, and took a path across the fields, gazing here and there at all the copses and groves. The day was brilliant. The sky was clear; a soft wind blew over the fields from the south, laden with the perfume of flowers and vines; and the insects hummed under foot; and the trees were alive with singing birds.

The rector walked for an hour. Still he found no traces of the man he sought, or, indeed, of either of the three.

He gazed down into the valleys and up upon the sides of the hills, but still fruitlessly.

He became anxious, and he hurried. He had an indefinable distrust of the circumstances which had brought Miss Alice and Willis to the same part of the place. He dreaded that he should find them together.

Another half-hour passed by. He descended rapidly a steep incline, and passed a dense thicket, and was about to keep on down into the valley when, on turning his head to look to the right, he beheld Willis seated before his easel.

He was alone.

Nassau turned about and walked toward him.

They exchanged cold salutations.

"I am glad that I have found you," said Nassau. "I was searching for you."

"Really? Then, in that case, I am glad that you have found me."

"I wish to speak of a serious matter."

"Very well."

"It is about our relations to each other, and to Miss Alice."

"The old subject, eh?" said Willis, lightly.

"If you please to call it so, yes," returned the other.

"Well?"

"I wish to say barely, and without any preface, that I am convinced that Miss Alice, in her own heart, still belongs to me, and not to you."

"That is a conviction worth the having—at least for you. But what do you mean?" Willis stopped playing with his brushes.

"I mean this—to express it concisely—I mean that what I have observed in the past two weeks has assured me that Miss Alice has been made to appear in a light which is an untrue one; that she has been forced, by her love and regard for her aged father, to seem acquiescent in a plan upon the consummation of which he has set his heart."

"Come, come; what do you mean?" cried Willis, with heightening color. "Speak out, man. Do not beat the bush! Do not be roundabout! Come to the point!"

"Your manner assures me that you understand exactly what I mean!"

"I take it that you insinuate that Miss Alice has been deceiving me!"

"I insinuate nothing of the kind—pardon me."

It was Nassau's turn to redden.

"I say I believe that you have been deemed by her father to be a more fitting husband for her than I, and that she has followed his inclinations in favoring you, rather than her own."

"That belief is not only absurd, but it is insulting. It is insulting to all of us—to Miss Alice, to her father, and to myself."

"On the contrary—"

"What do you found your belief upon?" demanded Willis, rising from his camp-chair.

"What grounds have you? What has ever happened, to make you—"

"I know it," interrupted Nassau, in a low, rapid, and earnest voice; "I know it, because I have received many proofs of her love for me before you came here; and, inasmuch as I know that she is as sincere and true as woman ever was, I cannot admit a suspicion that her consideration for me could be quickly and totally displaced by consideration for another person. It is clear that her father has great regard for you. I do not quarrel with him for that. You, no doubt, fill his idea of strength and character better than I do. Moreover, you are wealthy, and know the world. It is entirely reasonable that he should select you as one more fit to receive his treasure than I. Still, I know that I, in spite of my shortcomings, have earned Miss Alice's favor. Upon that I depend for my happiness. I shall strive to retain it in spite of all obstacles. I should be worthless without it. It alone can nerve me to perform the labors that I have set myself to perform, and I shall cling to it so long as I feel that it exists. I must prove to you, in some way, that it does exist. I must show you, by some means, that the smiles that she gives to you are given in obedience to her father's clear desires, and that they do not come from her heart. You must be convinced, as I am convinced, that she does not love you, but that she loves me; that it is the agony of her inward contentions between her heart and her sense of duty that have caused her cheeks to become so pallid, her step so slow, and her voice so sad. This is not egotism in me. It is not the empty boasting of a vain man, or the wild talk of a jealous one. You and I are opposed to each other. I think that you have deceived yourself. It is my simple and imperative duty to undeceive you. I—"

Here Nassau paused. His voice had begun to tremble in spite of himself. Willis's eyes were fixed, half scornfully and half pityingly, upon him. For a moment nothing was to be heard but the rustle of the leaves in the wood, the hum of the locusts, and the faint voice of the men in the meadows below.

The silence was broken by sounds on the farther side of the thicket; there were voices and footsteps.

The two men recognized the former, and they exchanged glances. They were the voices of Miss Alice and her father. His was loud and imperious. Hers was low, soft, and pleading, and yet distinct and earnest. They seemed to be walking slowly along the path.

"Womanlike! womanlike!" cried he. "You are blind to all the qualities in a man that 'tell.' Do you see no virtues in his experience in life, in his ability to protect you in times of danger, in his power, in his energy? Tell me!"

"Yes—yes—but yet I do not love him. One must go where one's heart leads, dear father. One cannot say 'I must love this friend' or that. There is something that speaks before one can decide."

"Suppose that I exert my right, and decide for you? Suppose—"

"Ah, but I have only to say, 'I do not love him,' and then you would not."

"Are you so sure of that?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"But will you tell me that you love the other—the minister—still?"

"If you ask me, I must tell you 'yes.'"

At this point the voices were lost. The final 'yes,' however, was distinct. Both of the involuntary listeners heard it. They also heard the angry tone of some of the father's succeeding words, but the increasing distance prevented them from catching their sense.

Willis was deathly pale. He hung his head, and grasped his easel with one hand.

"It seems that you are right," said he, with something like fierceness in his tone.

"Yes," echoed the other, "I am right."

There was another pause. Willis's color came back, and he gradually assumed an air of ease. He sat down before his canvas again, and made an attempt at painting.

His companion watched him. He noticed that he mixed his colors wrongly, and that he was trembling from his head to his feet.

Five minutes passed. Nothing was said on either side. Both dreaded to utter the important words that must come now.

But Nassau, tortured beyond expression, could restrain himself no longer.

"Tell me, sir, I beg of you. Do you not see that the field is mine?"

Willis glanced furtively at him, and then let his hands drop upon his knees.

"Even if it is, I shall not leave it."

"What! do you mean to say that you will not?"

"I cannot!"

"And why, pray? Why is it that you, who have heard what would drive a man of principle and honor out of the sight and hearing of this place and all the people in it, feel that you cannot leave us to our peace?"

"I am happy here."

"That is not true! You mean you would be unhappy if you were not here?"

"Of course. I should be unhappy if I were not here."

"That is, the poor, sad smiles that have been given you have afforded you so much pleasure that you mean still to demand them even after you have discovered that they were not sincere? You mean to impose yourself upon—upon— By Heavens, sir," cried Nassau, carried away by his excitement, and rising to his full height, "then you are a COWARD!"

Willis sprang to his feet. Hardly had he done so, when the whole air was filled with the vibrations of a deep and terrible thunder. It did not come from the sky, for that was cloudless; nor from beneath, though the

ground trembled. It was continuous, and the earth and trees shuddered as if disturbed by a convulsion. A hollow, cavernous roar burst out, and over the tops of the trees, at the distance of an eighth of a mile, the two men saw a wide, dense, boiling cloud of dust arise, like a cloud of smoke from a battlefield, and slowly overspread the sky.

Suddenly, above all the deeper and more awful noise, there came a shrill and piercing scream. It was the indescribable utterance of a woman in distress.

Nassau cried:

"That's from the White-Hill Pit!"

He turned and hastened rapidly down the declivity. Willis followed him at the top of his speed.

The latter, being more powerful, overtook and passed the other, and ran over the crags and broken ground with the lightness and swiftness of a deer. They ascended the height toward the woods which concealed the quarry. Both felt that the next few moments must, in some way, produce important things for them. Both were nerved and brave, and both were eager.

Willis's power and agility told in the race.

He burst through the fringe of shrubbery that skirted the Pit, while Nassau was still coming on, a hundred yards below.

He was appalled by what he saw.

The earth on the northern side had broken away, and had rushed down over the surface of the rock, and had fallen into the deep abyss. It had dragged with it an immense number of trees and saplings. At the instant that it was precipitated, Miss Alice and her father were crossing the ground. As it moved and broke beneath their feet, they became involved in the tangled and twisted branches of the trees, and were carried down with them.

The great volume of the avalanche had fallen into the quarry, but a large portion was caught and poised upon a spur of rock overhanging the precipice at the edge.

The clouds of dust lifted and rolled away, and the two young men beheld at the same moment, clinging to this ragged and suspended fragment, the girl whose favor they coveted. Her arms were half buried in the treacherous earth, her clothing was torn and discolored, and her forehead had a deep, red wound. Her lips were pale, her eyes were closed, as if to shut out the scene, and she lay passive, convulsively embracing her only support.

The father had escaped before the volume of earth had reached the edge of the pit on its downward course, and, covered with dust, he now stood upon the brink above, gazing with starting eyes at his fainting daughter. His white hair blew in the breeze, his limbs shook, and he tried in vain to call aloud for help. He was unable to articulate, and he began to creep toward the edge.

At this instant, Willis's footsteps aroused him. He looked up with a cry of joy.

The girl was fifty feet from them. To reach her from the nearest point would require that one descend a precipitous hill of soft and sliding earth, which terminated at the edge of the terrible quarry. Nothing could be more dangerous than to attempt to trav-

erse this poised and sensitive ground. Great care and great nerve, added to great good fortune, would alone enable one to reach the spot where Miss Alice lay breathless and trembling. The scraps of mingled roots and earth upon which she depended were slowly dissolving beneath her, and the portions, as they fell into the quarry, awoke the most hollow and resonant echoes.

Despairing, she turned her head and looked to her right.

She saw Willis. His eyes were fixed upon her, but he did not move. She tried to cry: "Come!" but the word escaped her in a whisper.

There was a moment of silence. She saw Willis move a few feet this way, and then a few feet that way. Still he did not approach. He made no motion to advance nearer. Suddenly he turned toward her. She saw that his face was haggard, and that his eyes were fixed upon the distant, ragged bottom of the Pit. His hands opened and closed repeatedly, and his lips were parted.

Her heart beat rapidly. Another moment must end in her destruction.

All at once she saw Willis throw his hands up before his face and retreat, stumbling among the weeds, away from the brink of the declivity.

A deadly sickness overcame her. Her failing eyes searched the depths below, and her confused mind refused any plan for her own salvation. She felt herself sinking by degrees.

Suddenly, a volume of earth and stones rushed past her with frightful velocity, and shot out into the space before and below her, and in a few seconds struck upon the broken marble-bed, and sent up a roar that aroused, even in her, a new terror.

She warily and timidly turned her head to the left to see what caused this fresh catastrophe, and she beheld, half-way down the slope, clinging close to the trembling earth, the slender figure of the rector.

He was hatless, and his clothing and his hands and his face were covered with soil. Yet he seemed to be cool and self-possessed. He was almost literally suspended over death, yet Miss Alice saw that there was a smile upon his face. His eyes met hers.

She became filled with courage, and she tightened her hold.

He began to come on again. He did not hesitate longer. He was quick and active, but as gentle as a cat.

Now and then he would crouch as he felt his foothold yield, but he would instantly push on again in a fresh direction.

He arrived within a few feet of her. Her eyes were fastened upon him, and there was not a motion of his body that she did not watch.

He reached up. She leaned back and extended her hand. The motion disturbed the support that she was perched upon, and she felt that she was falling. She remained calm, and still leaned down. Her eyes and Nassau's were fixed upon each other. He touched the tips of her fingers. Then he caught her hand at the palm, and with hardly a perceptible motion gave her the signal that she awaited. He braced his feet and she leaped

inward, while her foothold broke into a thousand atoms and wholly disappeared, and left the edge of the pit bare and unobstructed before them.

They were not two yards from it.

This last effort of hers was the final flash of her expiring fortitude. Perhaps she permitted her weakness to recoil upon her the sooner, because she felt that the presence of Nassau meant safety to her. The instant that she touched the ground she fell upon it, and lay quiet.

Nassau seized her in his arms, and, gathering all his strength, faced his task with an anxious spirit.

He traversed the fifteen yards with his lips moving in constant prayer.

The venerable father, reaching down his hand, watched their slow and silent approach with a face of marble. His eyes flowed with tears, he stammered incoherently, and he moved his arm to and fro just as Nassau's right shoulder, or left shoulder, came nearer to him. With a half sob, and a half-exultant cry, he finally clutched his eager fingers in the skirt of his daughter's dress.

Nassau struggled up the last step, and then laid his burden upon the flower-besprinkled grass.

The other seized his hand, and, placing his arm about the girl's neck, bent his head and pressed his furrowed cheek to hers and wept aloud.

In a moment more he turned to Nassau, and cried:

"My dear friend, you have saved two lives in one. You are the man I seek; you have the brave heart that my poor child will need. I was on the eve of committing an error; but, alas! seventy years of life do not teach one all things. Ah, what a mistake that was! So, my hero has fled!—he has failed! Yes, I am undeceived, and yet in time. Thank God!"

Nassau, on his return to his home, found this letter upon his table:

"You are right. I am a coward. The dread of pain to my heart overcame me first, and then the dread of danger to my body prevented me from acting afterward. You have nobly won what I have ignobly lost. I cannot see you again, much less can I look upon the others. But, can you receive such well-wishes as I can give? WILLIS."

He had disappeared secretly.

On the next evening at twilight, the trio again sat at tea in the ancient house. Nassau and Miss Alice gazed at each other in the obscurity, from either end of the table, while the father, dimly seen in the gloom, looked toward the lawn through the windows. No one spoke for several moments. Nothing was to be heard but the murmur of the steam as it escaped from the urn, and the chirping of the crickets in the fields without. All things were tranquil, and seemed to be in waiting. The two youthful people were discreetly silent; the other could not help saying, as if for his conscience' sake:

"It seems, my children, that my egotism has caused us to make a sort of loop in our careers—that is, a sort of roundabout ex-

cursion into the realms of violent passion, whence we have now returned. You owe me your pardon. Some day I shall ask you for it—some day when you shall have but a single voice. But, let me hope that all is now going on as it was going on before; that the hiatus that I wrongly brought about has not caused the wretched mischief that I tried to make. Nassau?"

Nassau bowed silently in the twilight.

The dictator bowed in response, and then turned to his daughter. She had lowered her head, and her face was hidden.

This, however, did not prevent him from bowing to her, as he had to Nassau.

A moment after he arose and walked away, as one does who had settled satisfactorily, and without a fault, a great affair.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

PLEASANT ROOMS FOR GENTLEMEN.

IV.

THE letter which led me on my fourth expedition was one on which it was impossible to look without satisfaction. In itself it possessed no suggestions of a picturesque or singular household, but there was something so wholesome and matter-of-fact about its style and its composition that, to this day, I regard it as a model.

It was written upon a sheet of ruled note-paper, of good but ordinary quality, and it was inclosed in an envelope that was exactly suited to it in size and kind. The chirography was large and precise, and correct in all the principles of penmanship. There was not an omission, an erasure, or a blot. Its few sentences were short, sharp, and incisive, and there were no useless words in the composition.

It ran thus:

"NEW YORK, August —, 18—.

"X. Y. Z.

"DEAR SIR: My husband and I reside at No. —, West Ninth Street, and we should be glad to have you call to inspect a room that is now vacant on our third floor.

"It is my rule to give and ask references, and for the usual reasons, which, I presume, you understand.

"It will be convenient for me to have you call between the hours of two and four on any afternoon in the present week.

"Your obedient servant,

"CECILIA MARR MORGAN."

(I have supplied as close a counterpart of the real signature as would be safe to print, and I have preserved the number of syllables and the general sound of the true words, thinking that there is in them a certain positiveness or a certain "declaration of rights" that would naturally influence one to approach the lady with an humble mien.)

The letter contained other self-assertions that will be readily recognized—for instance, the somewhat harsh sentence respecting "references," the quick substitution of the proprietary "my" in the second paragraph for the more generous "our" in the first, and

the transfer of the obligation or rather of the favor implied in the last sentence from me to herself.

Notwithstanding these features, however, the letter had a definite tone to it; it seemed plainly to be the production of one who had no doubt of her position in the world, and who was able and disposed to maintain it with all the dignities that could be coupled with it.

The paper was neatly and exactly folded, and the envelope was addressed in the same firm hand that indited the letter. Altogether, it was as clear-cut, correct, and positive a message as I ever received, and I made haste to respond to it.

At three o'clock, that being the best hour that I could hit upon under the circumstances, I went to the street and searched for the required house. I found it, of course, without trouble. It was built of brick, and was four low stories in height. It was upon the southern side of the way, and was, consequently, in the shade, while its *vis-à-vis* was burning in the yellow sunlight. It bore upon its outside evidences of extreme neatness.

The short flight of steps was as clean as a floor, as was also the sidewalk. The pavement was brushed for some ten feet from the gutter-flaps, a Dutch excess in neatness that could only be the work of an incomparable house-keeper.

The building was of plain red brick. Nearly all of its upper blinds were closed, and I took the liberty of glancing into the windows that looked into the area from the semi-subterranean kitchen. There was a brass bird-cage, with a singing canary, curtains of what I believe is called spot-muslin, half a dozen red flower-pots containing broad and richly-leaved plants, and a few pieces of old-fashioned furniture well preserved and in capital order.

All was calm and quiet. The dwelling seemed to have gone to sleep in its chair, and, indeed, the whole street had a somnolent and country-village appearance.

I ascended the steps and rang the bell.

Hardly had the sound died away before steps were to be heard approaching. There could have been no more significant sign than such promptness.

A very neatly-dressed Swedish girl opened the door, and in a broken tongue asked me to enter.

The atmosphere of the hall-way was gratefully cool, and it had a faint smell of camphor. Another good sign. Camphor indicates economy. I was shown into a darkened parlor, and I sat down to await the mistress of the house. Not a sound was to be heard save the ticking of a clock upon a mantel in an adjoining room, and the faint jangle of a garbage-collector's bells in the sunny street without. It was not a gloomy silence, but, on the contrary, a particularly soothing and suggestive one. One felt at home immediately. There was a certain welcome in the shade, and in the protection against the heat of the day, and it was impossible not to feel kindly disposed toward the genial obscurity. In a few minutes I heard the quick rustle of a dress upon the thickly-carpeted stair, and there came rapidly into the room a little

woman, who said, at once, in a distinct and pleasant voice:

"They should not have left you in the dark, sir. If you will assist me by loosening the catch in the window, I will open a blind."

By this speech I recognized the writer of the letter: it was characteristic of her.

When the shade was opened I beheld a pretty lady, with a very independent set of the head, and with a manner that was full of vivacity.

"Please sit down, sir; no, this chair; you will find it easier. I had it restuffed last winter, and I really think it is the most comfortable one that I have. What do you think of it?"

She asked the question very quickly, and gave me a bright, inquisitive look that brought out a volley of complimentary adjectives. I felt at once as if I had been a life-long friend of hers; perhaps the manner in which she coupled our separate interests in the chair had something to do with it, yet her frank way was in itself entertaining.

The chair seemed to be a happy point of departure.

"I am glad you like it," she replied; "because in that case you will like our house—at least, you *ought* to like it, for, when I furnished it, I declared, comfort first, economy second, and elegance third—and you see poor Elegance has remained third, in spite of her hard struggles to get above the rest." Here she laughed heartily, and displayed the parlor with a gesture of her tiny hands.

I ventured to make some compliments upon the appearance of the room. It was really, to use a bad word, charming. The walls, ceilings, and carpets, were harmonized in color, much of the furniture was of a fine old pattern, and the corners and spare places were occupied with tasteful and pretty trifles, some of them being imitations of ancient pottery, and some patterns of Japanese and Chinese ware. There were not too many of these; the place was not crowded, but it was warmly and comfortably filled.

We came naturally to speak of household economy.

Here the little mistress was clearly at home. She entered upon the subject with great vivacity, and gave me her views upon middle-men, coal-transportation, milk-inspectors, and so on, and I found to my astonishment that she had almost all of the statutory law labeled and ticketed in her memory ready for application in cases of disputes with the butcher, the baker, and all the rest.

While we were in the middle of a discussion upon the manner in which old mutton should be detected, a timid knock was heard upon the casing of the door, and, in obedience to the inquiry of the little lady, an enormous black cook slowly emerged with a somewhat dramatic effect into view. She was very neatly dressed, and she had the regulation pink-plaid turban upon her gray head.

She gave a somewhat extraordinary courtesy, and said vehemently, though in a low voice:

"Dat yere scoun'el is down dere, missis, a hammering at der basemen'-dhor!"

"Which one, Sarah?" asked the other,

suggesting by her question the inevitable belief that there were many who might be expected to come at any moment.

"Wy, der villin wot sells der charcoal in dem—"

"Oh, yes. Ask him into the entry. I'll be down in one minute."

The cook slowly turned about as if one of a corporal's guard, and gradually disappeared, breathing heavily.

"I discovered, two weeks ago," said the mistress, by way of explanation to me, "that the man of whom I purchased charcoal had used baskets with convex bottoms, and so gave me short measure; and also that he had contrived to fill even these baskets in such a way that he saved nearly a peck of coal for himself. He always placed the largest pieces upon the bottom, and built them up in cob-house fashion, and then filled the upper half the measure fairly. Now I am going to settle accounts with him. Excuse me, please, for a moment."

She went off rapidly, and with her head high in the air.

It was excusable to listen.

She descended the stairs, and I heard the luckless culprit walk unsuspectingly in at the basement-door.

He was met with a point-blank charge of unfair dealing. He denied the allegation violently, and he grew abusive. Then I heard a key rattle and a bolt shoot into its socket.

The man was clearly a prisoner. He became silent. Then I heard the lady demand that he promise to bring her in at once a full basket of charcoal. The man broke out again, and used some oaths. Then the Swedish girl was ordered to go for a policeman. She was half-way up the stairs on her way to the front-door when the man cried out to her to stop. He surrendered. Then he received a sharp, rapid, and pointed lecture on honesty, which I will warrant rings in his ears to this day. The door was then unlocked, and he went out.

I looked into the street, and saw him loading a basket with medium-sized coal. He shook it down, and piled the top a foot high, and then carried it in for the inspection of the plucky lady who stood awaiting him.

She took the number of his license, and emphatically forbade him to use his false baskets thereafter. He promised seriously not to do so, and he was then permitted to depart. He mounted his cart-box, and drove sheepishly off, while the conqueror returned quickly, and a little flushed, to the parlor.

After this diversion, we began to talk of board and boarders.

She gave me a rather merry description of the misfortune that had befallen her husband in business-life, and it needed very little discernment to see that she thought little of his tact or his calibre, notwithstanding the fact that she spoke of him with all possible regard.

Matters had turned about so that they had been induced to receive "a few good friends under their roof," as she neatly phrased it, and she declared, with another of her laughs, and with an apology for the word, that she made it "pay."

Before I had time to explain that I could

not take an apartment in her house, she had invited me to see the vacant room, and had summoned the chamber-maid to show it to me.

I went off up the stairs full of guilt, but still with my eyes open.

I never saw a neater house in my life.

All the windows were draped in muslin curtains. The panes were polished; the paint was spotless; and every thing seemed to be in its place.

The room into which I was shown would have invited a prince. The walls were tinted in gray; the furniture was covered with some sort of blue stuff with a large, white Oriental figure; a number of German chromos hung upon the sides; the bed was white, smooth, and cool-looking; the mantel had a pretty gilt French clock upon it, which ticked with a languid tick, and also a pair of vases, in which were bouquets of tall yellow grasses. Through the shades, the reflected light from the street was cast upward upon the ceiling in pale, tremulous bars, and, so silent was the place, that one might have well believed it to be in the country.

The doors of all the other main apartments were closed, and a sense of strict privacy and retirement filled the entire house.

Upon descending to the parlor once more, the mistress met me with another look of inquiry, though her tongue belied her.

"You see that we are very old-fashioned, do you not?" said she, with yet another engaging little laugh. "We cannot help it; the street is old-fashioned, and the house is old-fashioned, and so I suppose we have come to be old-fashioned ourselves. We struggle against it, and try to keep away the mould, but a little settles upon us after all. We are set against children, for instance; we are set against pipes; we are set against noise; we love quiet; we love promptness, and we love regularity, and so on; and it is all very nice, though perhaps I sometimes wish there was a little—a little amusement going on."

Her voice rather died away at the word amusement, but she made haste to explain that amusement merely meant dust and turmoil, and that she could not tolerate.

Then she went on to tell me about the rules and regulations of her house.

"I adopted the principle," said she, with a curious, combative, and argumentative air, "that this is *my* house, *my* domicile, and that I carry it on for *my* benefit and in *my* way. Now, I believe, my way is a good way, and I adhere to it inflexibly. We have a time to breakfast, a time to lunch, a time to dine, a time to lock our doors, and a time to settle our accounts, and, notwithstanding it seems hard, all my people fall into the ranks in a short time, and they like it in the end. Why, I've had two families with me for three years each, and I've only had an open house three years and one month!"

I expressed the proper surprise and gratification at this, and she then made haste to tell me that she never had a complaint of her table or of her service. At this moment the rattle of a latch-key was heard in the outer door, and she arose, saying:

"Here is my husband. He always comes at this time. He is very prompt, like all the rest of us."

I was curious to see the gentleman.

I heard him speak. His voice was thin and high, but not unpleasant, in its tone. He came forward. He was tall, and had a palish face, a mild blue eye, thin, fine brown hair, and an extremely neat coat and cravat. He smiled, and shook hands mildly with me and wished—evidently in the fog about it—that I might find "pleasant quarters in our little home." His eyes then wandered back to his wife.

"Now, please give me the patterns, Royal," said she, putting out her hand, and at the same time giving a backward look toward the butler's pantry. "No," she said, reprovingly, "not that way, Sarah; put the pine apple down, and put the fork in at the side—now break it off—that's right." Then something at the front-door attracted her. "Royal, I do wish that you would step up and say to Madam B—that her carriage is waiting for her. This is the first day that she has been able to go out, and it will seem very pleasant if you only give her your arm down from her room."

The husband murmured his extreme readiness to do any thing of the kind, and he went off up the stairs smoothing his hair over his head with light touches of his fingers.

"Sarah," cried the mistress again, softly, "call down the tube to Lucy and say that she had better begin with the roast ten minutes later than usual; it stood too long last night."

All this time I remained beside the parlor door, and I do not doubt that in any other house, and in the company of any other than this incomparable manager and tactician, I should have felt ill at ease and out of place. But, under these circumstances, I knew no such discomfort. I felt in some strange way that I was already incorporated with the household, and that all matters which interested any one in it interested me.

The little mistress was now examining, rather furtively, a number of scraps of silk that her husband had given her. Upon my word, I was gratified to see in her even this faint proof of ordinary weakness, though she suddenly came to herself with a start. She thrust the patterns deep into her pocket, and looked delightfully self-reproached. She looked all about her as if anxious to find something more to correct; but, not being afforded this chance to set herself right with the world, she explained:

"Royal—or, I would say, my husband—is an excellent judge of color, sir, and I am always curious to see what he has selected for me to wear. But, let us return to the subject. When would you wish to take possession of your room?"

"Why," I stammered, "I—I do not know that I shall take it at all."

She gave me a most extraordinary look.

She knew that her house was perfect, and I, no doubt, had unwittingly displayed so much pleasure in seeing it that she had come to believe a declension of its advantages to be impossible.

A flush stole over her face, and I am sure confusion took possession of me.

Then she burst into a merry laugh, and clapped her hands.

"All pride shall have its fall! You don't know how you have shocked me! What! not take an apartment in my house—not seize an opportunity to live under the most enchanting roof in New York! What perversity!—how intolerable! I declare that you have humbled me in the dust—I am filled with humility!"

She was jolly about it, and we laughed together, and I believe I was more inclined to avail myself of the opportunity than ever before.

However I withdrew, and did it without making more complications. Madam B——, a venerable old lady, came tottering down the stairs on the arm of the amiable husband, while a maid brought up the rear with various cushions.

The little lady exhibited her mettle in getting the invalid safely into her carriage. She marshaled the servants, dispersed a few children who looked on from the sidewalk, advised the course of the driver, nodded cheerfully into the ancient and somewhat anxious face, and, in the midst of it all, contrived to make me a gracious parting salutation.

The carriage drove off, Royal returned, still trifling with his hair, to the house, the mistress gathered in her maids as a hen gathers in her chickens, and then, after a wise look at the sky and at the windows over the way, she too passed out of sight within her own choice precincts.

TOUCHING TAILORS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY," ETC.

II.

IN the world of letters we have the tailor-craft represented by those two noteworthy antiquaries—Stow and Speed. Stow, the chronicler of London and England, was originally a tailor, "like his father before him;" but he was more than his predecessor. He lived near "Aldgate Pump," where he pursued his tailoring and antiquarian researches. For nearly half a century he passed his days, and good portion of his nights, in the search after that will-o'-the-wisp—historic truth. Of course, the poor fellow did not make it pay, for, the little amount of money he got by his needle, he lost by his purchase of books. Honest John actually brooded over his "Chronicles of England" forty years! Poorer when he finished than when he began, yet his was not altogether an unhappy life-story. "For, under trial," it has been well said, "next to trust in God, there is no better anodyne, or more potent balm, than literary occupation;" and of that, as Doran calls him, "that tall, thin, cheerful, pleasant, bright-eyed, strong-memoried, sober, mild, courteous, truth-loving tailor and antiquary had his fill." He swept away the fables of old London, as Niebuhr did those of ancient Rome; yet he committed sacrilege with much of our cherished legendary lore, that till then never challenged our faith.

How long the London guild of tailors has existed as a corporate body we do not know;

but it is known that Edward I. confirmed the guild under their old name of "Merchant Tailors and Linen Armorsers." Their symbolical shield bore a tent between two mantles, denoting that the honest members of that corporation made cloaks for all customers, and tents for the royal army. One of the most prominent of the company, in early times, was Hawkworth, of whom we have already spoken. To the honor of the guild, it should be noted that many illustrious men have been furnished to the public service by its school. The school was established by the company in 1560, "for children of all nations and countries indifferently;" a liberal provision, which was contracted in 1731 by an order of court, "whereby express exclusion was made of the children of Jews." It is recorded of the head-master, Mulcaster, that, though he was an accomplished scholar, he was yet a choleric man. During his mastership of a quarter of a century, he is said to have "turned out" four bishops. He seems to have acted upon the good old maxim—"Sparing not the rod, to spoil the child;" in other words, he was of the Squeers type, and he was also a Yorkshire man. But a milder administration has long since obtained in the institution. Among other notable names connected with this school may be mentioned the following: the famous White-lock, and Juxon, who accompanied Charles I. to the scaffold. John Speed was another learned tailor, and more fortunate than his brother antiquary, Stow. Speed published several important historical works, including his "History of Great Britain, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to James I." The book was popular, and gave him a reputation that was already of no mean height. Nor did he confine himself to antiquities; he also produced a religious work, "The Cloud of Witnesses; or, the Genealogies of Scripture, confirming the Truth of Holy History, and Humanity of Christ." For many years this essay was, by royal authority, prefixed to the English translation of the Bible. There is yet another personage, whose well-remembered name in English history will at once be recognized—who sprang from the shop-board—we refer to the garrulous, vain, clever, and ever-welcome Samuel Pepys.

Pepys, the author of the well-known "Diary," was the son of a tailor of the city of London. The earliest distinction recorded of him seems to have been the equivocal one of having been, while a sizer at Cambridge, "scandalously overserved with drink" on a certain occasion. His subsequent career was full of action, first being attached to the expedition to the Sound in 1658, under Sir Edward Montague, and afterward as secretary on board the flag-ship which brought back the fugitive Charles II. He lived during the great plague and the fire of London, and subsequently became secretary of the admiralty. Christ's Hospital reckons him among her benefactors, and the Royal Society among its honored presidents. He died in 1703, leaving behind him more books than money-bags. The London Company of Cloth-Workers drink "the memory of Samuel Pepys" out of the splendid cup which he conferred on that company in honor of his father's craft.

We find next, in the histrionic profession, a notability, who sprang from the tailoring business, named Richard Ryan, whom first Garrick, and afterward the public, patronized. The department of the drama that he undertook was that subsequently so ably sustained by Charles Kemble.

Woodward was another tailor-actor and contemporary with the fore-named; and among those who have devoted themselves to literature as well as clothing may be named Paul Whitehead. From taking measures in broad-cloth he devoted himself to the Muses, and indulged in poetic measures, and some of these were very broad and latitudinarian.

Whitehead was an actor of some note, and a satirist. He dedicated his effusions to Pope, and subsequently, by his combined powers, carried captive and married an idiotic heiress.

Among the worthies was Wheatley, famous for his illustration of the Book of Common Prayer. Dr. Byrom, of short-hand celebrity, was another; he was loved, in his day, for his wit and worth, and the Chatham Society has recently published his "Diary." It has been well remarked that, although a multitude of men who have made their mark derived their educational advantages from this noble, time-honored institution, yet they were not otherwise indebted for fortune to their tailors.

That tailors can be "wide-awake" when they choose, is evident by the following incident. In 1811 Sir John Throckmorton, a Berkshire baronet, offered to lay a wager of a thousand guineas on the following terms: that at eight o'clock on a particular evening he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, well-dyed, well-made suit, the wool of which formed the fleece on sheeps' backs at five o'clock on that same morning. It is no wonder that, among a class of persons accustomed to betting, such a wager should eagerly be accepted, seeing that the achievement of the challenged result appeared all but impossible. The person intrusted with the work was Mr. Coxeter, of Newbury. At five o'clock on the morning of the 28th of June, he caused two south-down sheep to be shorn. The wool was washed, carded, stubbed, roven, spun, and woven; the cloth was scoured, fulled, teuted, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed; the tailor was at hand, and made up the finished cloth into garments; and, at a quarter-past six in the evening, the baronet sat down to dinner at the head of his guests in a complete suit that had been thus made, winning the wager, with an hour and three-quarters to spare.

We say of an absent-minded person that his head is "wool-gathering;" has this any reference to the workers in woolen goods? As wool is derived from sheep, possibly they become sheepish by the contact, although the foregoing incident does not so indicate. After the peace of 1815, two eminent London tailors, having an eye to business, took a trip to Paris, to pick up the latest fashions. They traveled *incognito*, and, on arriving at their hotel, ordered breakfast. The waiter promptly replied, "*Certainement, messieurs, tout à l'heure*"—upon which, looking at each other, they exclaimed: "'Two tailors!' then, we are discovered already!"

One of the best tailor-jokes was perpetrated by O'Connell, when he was addressing an anti-corn-law meeting in Covent-Garden Theatre. An individual would persist in standing up in the pit, notwithstanding loud and repeated appeals, calling upon him to take his seat. The fellow was obstinate, and would stand, in spite of all persuasion and remonstrance. At last, O'Connell waved his hand for silence, and then, speaking to the police, said:

"Pray, let the worthy gentleman have his way; *he is a tailor, and wants to rest himself!*"

This was a settler, and down the worthy gentleman did sit, amid tumultuous applause.

There are yet a few more illustrious fames to be added to our category. The first we would refer to, is that of Henry Wild, the "learned tailor of Norwich" (England); or, as he was sometimes styled, "the Arabian tailor." He lived from A. D. 1684 to 1720. This remarkable genius and self-taught Orientalist worked at the clothing business some fourteen years, when a fever is said to have banished him from the board; and controversial divinity, with which he amused his convalescence, led him to the study of the Hebrew. Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, partly at his own expense and partly by subscription, sent him to Oxford, where he enjoyed the privileges of the Bodleian Library, and where he was employed for a considerable time in translating Oriental manuscripts.

There were too many illustrious scholars, who had shed glory upon the school of the "worshipful company of clothiers and merchant-tailors," for us to enumerate in detail; we shall instance but a few: Jackson, the painter, was one; and the celebrated Bishops Andrews and South; also Calamy and Shirley, who both are said to have died on the same day, from fright occasioned by the great fire of London.

Then there was Wells, the nonconformist; and—sad blot on the tailors' escutcheon—Titus Oates, who was also a very decided nonconformist, alike to law, morality, and religion. Bishop Mews, of Winchester, was among the number of remarkable men, as his death was remarkable. Being subject to fainting-fits, from which he used to recover by smelling hartshorn—on one occasion, when in company with a friend, he was seized with one of these fits. He was speechless, but he pointed to the bottle of hartshorn on his table. The friend seized the bottle, and, opening the prelate's mouth, poured the whole of the contents down his throat, by which the bishop was suffocated!

After all that we have adduced in vindication of the craft, against the aspersions and detractions that have been cast upon it, ought we not to claim for our friend the tailor the qualities of nine ordinary men combined in one? Is he not an economist, cutting his coat according to his cloth? as a gardener, careful of his cabbage? As a sailor, he *sheers* off wherever it is proper; as an actor, he often brandishes a "*bâre bodkin*;" and, as a lawyer, he attends many *suits*. As a cook, he is usually furnished with a hot goose; and, as a sheriff's officer, he does much at sponging. Like some good wives, he is careful to give their husbands, when needful, a

good trimming; and, as a good pastor, his aim is to form good habits, for the benefit of himself and others. Nor are tailors wanting in wit and enterprise, as we all know by the records of the past, as well as the proofs of the present. For business enterprise it is needless to speak; for expertness, we offer an illustrative anecdote told of the late Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister of London: In the winter-time, he observed a poor curate frequently passing his window without an overcoat, and, pitying his condition, he went to his tailor, and asked him if he could make a coat to fit a person without measuring him for it. The man of cloth thought he could. Accordingly, the next day, when the curate was seen approaching, Mr. Alexander hurried out to the tailor, and the two walked some little distance behind the unsuspecting clergyman.

"Now, take a good look; make sure of your measure. Are you satisfied?" said Mr. Alexander.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then, make that poor fellow a good coat, of good cloth, at once," continued the kind-hearted Presbyterian; "ascertain his address, and send it to him. But, mind you, if you give him the slightest inkling that I sent it, you shall never do for me another stitch!"

So the two parted; and the benefactor had the satisfaction, on the next Sabbath, of seeing the curate go by his house snugly enveloped in the new overcoat, which was an excellent fit.

The tailor is, indeed, from his imperturbable patience, a moralist of the most exemplary order, while his ingenuity is no less conspicuous in the facility with which he contrives to adjust the complications of coat, vest, and continuations, in all the protean shapes and styles that the imperious decrees of Fashion may dictate. Sometimes, it is to be conceded, your tailor is somewhat obstinately fixed in opinion as to the accuracy of a fit, in direct conflict with your own conviction. A case of the kind once occurred, with a votary of fashion, in London, who, when all persuasion of his tailor failed to convince him—and he was asked what was the fault with his nether garments—replied that they resembled two well-known towns in France—Toulouse and Toulon. But possibly one of these objections may be charged against the present paper, and so we respectfully take our leave of the honorable company of clothiers, and our worthy friend the reader.

A FRENCH "GRIFFITH GAUNT."

THE *Affaire de la Pivardière* is one of the forgotten *causes célèbres* of French trials. It made quite a noise in its day, and gave occasion to M. d'Aguesseau (afterward the still more famous chancellor) to make two of his most brilliant speeches. The case is yet of some interest, both in itself, and because of the singular similarity in some of its earlier situations, and in the fact of the trial, to Charles Reade's novel "Griffith Gaunt." Mr.

Reade, if he has borrowed it, as he has some other things from the French, has married it sadly in oversetting it for an English story.

The *Affaire* involved innocent persons in sufficient danger, and was marked by situations of sufficient interest, and the procedure in the trial are in sufficient contrast to our mode of conducting a trial, to deserve a recital of its chief details.

Louis de la Pivardière, Sieur de Bouchet, a cadet of the family of Pivardière, was a poor, starveling noble, whose means, barely sufficient to support his rank in the country, were beyond the extravagance of a residence at court. Fretting over his narrow means, chafing at his forced absence from that great centre of all that is desirable in France, chance brought him an introduction to a Madame de Menou, the widow of a late lamented Sieur de Billy. The widow was well off, and owned a fine mansion, the Château de Narbonne. The property was good and well-managed, the widow good-looking, in fact rather imperious, yet affable, so M. de la Pivardière whispered love, and after, more assuredly, marriage. The widow thought of his noble blood and good manners, received his graceful attentions with pleasure, and, in short, married him. This was at the close of 1687. But, when he thought her wealth was fairly in his grasp, the mask of an assumed tenderness dropped off, and he acted the indifference he felt. Their two children seemed to form no secure bond for his gradually cooling affections. Madame de la Pivardière, after a while, returned with usury the growing neglect shown to her love; perhaps, too, she had taken too good care to control the purse-strings. Monsieur had one resource, which was not so readily hers: his duty led him to attend upon the king, and he could escape, at times, so long as his allowance permitted, the vexations of a loveless home.

But they had, too, a friend. The prior of the neighboring Abbey of Mizeray was, in truth, too assiduous in his visits to the Château de Narbonne while M. de la Pivardière was absent. The poor prior had the sole reward of sharing the danger of the terrible prosecution which some years later jeopardized the lady's life. Her anger and bitter disappointment over her husband's neglect, and her proud, self-absorbed thoughts, all blinded her to the possibility of having her conduct misconstrued, and closed her ears to the tales which were too eagerly listened to by M. de la Pivardière. The sieur, weary of a galling yoke, and not caring to play the too public rôle of a jealous husband—their domestic grievances were too well known—not able to remain very long at court, betook himself to a wandering life. It would be a relief for both to be apart. His absences apparently continued for some time, with regular periods of reappearance, and he gave a good account of himself when at home. But one luckless evening he was strolling upon the ramparts of the pretty town of Auxerre, when he saw, and immediately fell in love with, the gentle and modest daughter of a certain *Avoué* of the city. His infatuation was so great that he not only concealed his rank from the girl's father, but, as the honest tipstaff was failing, married the girl, and took

the office as her dowry. M. de la Pivardière, Sieur de Bouchet became a bigamist and town-constable! This was in 1694-'95.

For two years he was happy with his new wife. Every six months he disappeared from Auxerre, presented himself at the château, drew a part of the rents, lounged about as became a gentleman, and then posted back to the constabulary of Auxerre, and the pretty wife attached. In his visits home he always found the prior at the house, but asked no disagreeable questions or made any remark. Madame, too, caring as little to retain a husband whose indifference was reciprocated, never attempted to detain him by withholding what money he wanted. But his duplicity was gradually nearing a *dénouement*. Monsieur's escapade came to his wife's ears. But gossip could not tell her of his place of retreat. Her domestic infelicity she bore and passively resented, but his deliberate infidelity was beyond endurance, and she resolved to make him feel the weight of her displeasure when he next returned. Without the slightest suspicion that his wife knew, in fact that any one knew, of his misconduct, M. de la Pivardière confidently set out for the Château de Narbonne. It was the *fête* of Notre-Dame, August 15, 1697. Madame de la Pivardière had given a large party in honor of the feast-day. The large *salle* was echoing with merriment, and the buzz of pleasant chat and gay laughter. M. de la Pivardière entered unannounced, but with the assurance of a master. His unlooked-for appearance checked the laughing conversation. A marked pause ensued. Several friends, and the most forward was the prior, offered a profuse welcome home. Madame, alone, with an unappeasable anger tugging at her heart, sat silent at the farther end of the *salle*. Monsieur advanced toward her. She returned the most frigid acknowledgments to his salutations.

"*En quoi!* Is this the way she receives her long-absent husband?" exclaimed a guest to M. de la Pivardière.

He apologetically explained:

"I am her husband, it is true, but I am not her friend."

Dinner was announced. He took a seat with the rest, but the skeleton in the closet had stalked out unbidden. The unwelcome guest, who was yet the legal master in the house, cast a spell over the gathered guests, and, one by one, they slipped away, without a word of adieu. The husband and wife were left alone. She had nothing but scorn for him.

"Back to the wife that claims you, and ask her if I have not reason for my coldness, ay, my anger!"

In vain he denied all, protested and vowed tenderness, love, fidelity. His words only fed the fierce wrath that flamed up in her. The thought that another possessed a heart that ought to have been hers, was burning too deep in her soul. Wearied out with the scene, and some of his old indifference and assurance returning, he coolly asked for a bedroom. Madame indignantly left the chamber in which they were, and took the children with her into an upper chamber, seldom used. When they were asleep she turned the key in the door, and went down the great staircase. There

was a loud rapping at the outer door; a servant ran thither, and a voice from without asked if M. de la Pivardière had returned home. The servant, without opening the door, replied in the affirmative. Then all was quiet.

Day broke soon after. When the servant went to rouse monsieur, he was nowhere to be found. He had mysteriously disappeared. It soon spread through the neighborhood. Significant comments were made upon so strange and sudden a departure. The conduct of madame, her pointed coldness toward her husband at the party, their past quarrels, and his wandering life and reported marriage; incidents that, the servants whispered, had occurred upon that memorable night; the voice without the door, a shot fired off after midnight, a cry of anguish heard from his room, some drops of blood on the bed, his horse in the stable still, his cloak in the hall, his riding-boots left by his bedside, were facts by no means undervalued.

While suspicions were filling the air, and the whole neighborhood was astir with the wildest and most improbable tales, madame remained tranquilly at home, apparently in perfect composure, whether from conscious innocence or from strength of will. So had she sat and lived through the stories of past years that had angered her truant husband. She did not care to know, and no one cared to tell her. Yet she was soon forced to know what was reported. The judicial functionaries could not remain impassive. A *décret* against Madame de la Pivardière, her children and her servants, was issued. The judge visited the château, and made a thorough search through the house. Proof of guilt accumulated with terrible swiftness. He examined the chamber where M. de la Pivardière had slept. Badly-effaced blood-stains spotted the mattress, were smeared upon the bedstead, and on some of the furniture. In the cellar, in which rumor had hidden the corpse, a trench was found three and a half feet wide, one and a half feet deep. The *procès-verbal* set forth all these discoveries with eloquent but fatal force. Public indignation seized upon added evidence, which was given in by two maids at their examination. They gave a circumstantial account of the assassination. The first (a god-daughter of Madame de la Pivardière) told how her mistress had sent off, on some pretext, all of the household who could suspect her dreadful purpose, and had then introduced two valets, sent by the Prior of Mizeray, who effected the murder. The second girl deposed that, having been sent off on some errand, she had returned just as the murder had been effected. Pathos was added to horror when his little daughter, not nine years old, told how she had heard papa's voice crying out, "O my God! have pity on me!"

At this juncture one of the two girls was seized with an illness which ultimately proved fatal. Upon her dying bed she designated the prior as an accomplice to the murder. The prior was confronted with the two women. They hesitated, stammered, disavowed all they had sworn to, and declared that the Procureur du Roi (M. Louis Nivelle) had threatened them till they had testified as they

had done. Hardly was the prior removed before they changed again, asked to be brought before the prior a second time, and reasserted the original charge.

The corpse, however, had not yet been recovered. The officers were busied getting some sufficient evidence to prove the fact of his death, when the whole theory of the prosecution was scattered to the winds by a most unexpected occurrence. Undoubted proof was offered that M. de la Pivardière was alive! A number of witnesses deposed, some before a notary, others before the Bailli d'Erli, that the sieur had been seen on the 17th and 18th of August at Châteauroux and Issoudoun. In other words, he was alive two days after the alleged murder. Madame petitioned that he should be informed of the calumnies of which she was the victim. But where was he? She presented herself before the Lieutenant-Général of Romorantin, and procured an order to have a search made for M. de la Pivardière, and, when found, proper proof, before a magistrate, of his identity should be obtained. A delay of two months had led most people to forget all about her application, when the sieur made his appearance before the officials. Unluckily he chose badly whom to appear before at Romorantin. He wore the air, not of a man who feared to meet the officers of justice, but, as an innocent gentleman should, of calm self-possession.

The prisoners, Madame de la Pivardière and the prior, now demanded that he should be confronted with the two witnesses for the state. They chose, in conscious innocence, the wrong method. The two women swore they did not recognize him! Mystery and doubt again rose like a mist. M. Nivelle, the Procureur du Roi, demanded that he should be detained till his identity could be satisfactorily abolished. But he was in the custody of a rival official. M. le Lieutenant-Général of Romorantin refused the demand. M. de la Pivardière was dismissed, and disappeared immediately. He came and went like a ghost. An appeal was then taken to the crown, and the king issued an order for his arrest wherever found. The kingdom must be searched. Again the mysterious man disturbed even royal preparations. M. de la Pivardière voluntarily came forward, swore to his own identity, and explained his singular conduct by avowing his double marriage. This time it was before the Procureur of Romorantin. Now release seemed at hand for the prisoners. A weary year had been dragged out in prison. Not so. The royal warrant was out against him, and, in order to appear at all, he had provided himself with a safe-conduct. The honor of the prosecution was wounded. The royal safe-conduct stayed the royal warrant, and hindered a prosecution for bigamy. The court could only recognize the evidence of the man whom the warrant presented before them as the possible M. de la Pivardière. His desire to relieve his wife and the prior was neutralized by his selfish self-protection. The character of the sieur is not a deep problem, but an interesting one. It was certainly very human, and very—inhuman.

He claimed to be admitted to testify. He had to force the court to admit his evidence.

The defense now attacked, M. Nivelle held that, unless he was properly brought before the court, monsieur might be really M. de la Pivardière, but they could not even acknowledge his possible existence. The court refused to look at a man who preferred a safe-conduct to an arrest. The procureur alleged the ordinances of 1699 against the two prisoners, who pleaded that his testimony was essential to their case. If it was now brought in, it was against those ordinances. The case was really closed now, and any new evidence must be *un fait justificatif*. But this could only be brought in after judgment was given on the *procès*. The case was desperate. To receive sentence that they might get in evidence which was ruled out, M. d'Aguesseau was now retained for the defense. He made two able arguments, putting in a telling blow upon the cruelty and real fallacy of M. Nivelle's points. It was defeating the very ends of justice to compel M. de la Pivardière to prove his identity so as to destroy the prosecution, and yet to force the completion of so narrow and fatal a prosecution before he could prove that identity. M. d'Aguesseau was deservedly severe upon the menaces which had almost dictated the evidence of the two girls, supplying to their terror the coherence needed to shape the horrors their minds had fed upon into a perjured testimony. But all his brilliancy and eloquence were nearly thrown away. There seemed to be no hope of relief. At last, after five years of suspense (from the fatal August, 1697, to June, 1701), the close was reached. A royal order decreed that the surviving servant-girl should make an honorable amend for having testified falsely, and deprived the officials of the provincial court at Chatillon, where the trial had been principally conducted, of the power of holding office.

The poor girl made a public retraction in the church at Chatillon-sur-Inde, was branded with a *fleur-de-lis*, and was banished from that department. The victims, Madame de la Pivardière and the prior, with the suspected servants, were set free. We do not know whether M. de la Pivardière ever was punished, as he deserved, or not. The tangible results were: M. de la Pivardière had three years of worry to get five minutes' evidence received; madame and the prior were imprisoned four years; M. d'Aguesseau and M. Louis Nivelle gained enhanced reputations for ability; and a branded cheek and a ruined reputation for the actual victim, the poor terrified maid-servant, Marguerite Mercier!

A. A. B.

A SONNET.

TO ———.

LONG months and slowly-rounded years have fled

Since I have looked upon thy face, and I
Have counted their slow foot-fall gliding by,
More proud than patient—crowning mine own
dead

With fairer crowns than any living head;

I have not pierced with sobbings wild the
sky,

Nor veiled my anguish with mirth-mocking
eye—

Not thus, O God! not thus the years have
sped;

Though something all too much my human
heart

Has bled, and human eyes down dropp'd
their flow—

But ah! thy heavenly pleading eyes to mine

Are bent in calm rebuke; and I, thy art

Of resignation having learned to know,

Do drink this gall for sacramental wine.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE MANTUA OR BRUNSWICK VASE.

THE attention of the public was recently called, through the medium of the press, to the late Charles II., ex-Duke of Brunswick, to his eccentricities and his diamonds. Catalogues of the precious stones contained in his vast heritage have been published; they have been carefully described and their values estimated, and often enormously exaggerated. A treasure, long supposed to have been lost, was, however, discovered by his executors among his hoards, the importance of which, in the eyes of the artist and the antiquarian, must greatly exceed that of even the largest and purest gems, while its intrinsic worth can scarcely be surpassed even by them. This treasure is the celebrated Mantua Vase, which, a few months before the palace of the Dukes of Brunswick was burnt to the ground during the riots which succeeded the deposition of the late duke, had, by his orders, probably in anticipation of some such event, been removed from the museum where it was ordinarily kept, and placed in his immediate possession. This fact was well known, as a receipt for it, in the duke's handwriting, existed; but, as the vase was never seen after the fire of 1830, and as the duke never, most likely from a sense of wrongful ownership, in any way alluded to it, whereas he was fond of displaying his other precious gems, it was generally supposed to have been left behind by him, in his hurried flight from the vengeance of his infuriated subjects, and to have perished with so many other irreplaceable works of art. Thus, for more than forty years, its loss was mourned by antiquarians and *cognoscenti*. But recently, while the duke's executors were examining and cataloguing the treasures he had bequeathed to the city of Geneva, they came upon a vase made of silver, of rude shape, and apparently but of trifling value. Its weight, however, was so disproportionate to its size that it attracted attention, and, upon being opened, it was found to contain the long-lost vase of Mantua.

This remarkable and famous vase is cut from a single onyx of rare size and beauty, and its workmanship is of the very highest style of Greek art, so that it could only have been executed by a very great master, a fact which has led several learned men to claim for it the honor of having formed part of that celebrated collection of vases which Mithridates

the Great, King of Pontus, the renowned enemy of Rome, is known to have formed from the finest works of the most skillful artists of Greece and Asia Minor. After the overthrow of that great monarch, his treasures, as Pliny informs us, were brought to Rome by Pompey the Great, and dedicated in the temples of the gods. It is possible that this vase may have been among these spoils, but its authentic history only commences in the sixteenth century, when it was in the possession of the Dukes of Mantua, by the name of which town it has ever since been distinguished. When, in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, the ancient line of Dukes of Mantua became extinct, the sovereignty of that principality was claimed by France for the Duke de Nevers, while Spain and the emperor supported the pretensions of a prince of the house of Austria. In the war which ensued, the city of Mantua was taken by storm in 1630 by the Austrian General Cella, who gave it up to plunder. The ducal palace, with its rich contents, was an especial object of the rapacity of the soldiery, and, among the treasures thus dispersed, was this vase, which, being seen in the hands of a common soldier by Duke Francis Albert of Lauenburg, was purchased by him for one hundred ducats. At his demise, he bequeathed it to his wife, from whom, through several hands, it came to Duke Ferdinand Albert of Brunswick-Bevern, who caused a treatise on it to be written by a learned professor, John Henry Eggeling, town-clerk of the free city of Bremen. This treatise, which bears the date 1682, and is written in the Latin language, is still the best description we have of the vase. It was printed in German, but in an abbreviated form, in 1712, and again at the commencement of the present century. In 1766, Charles I., ancestor of the reigning line of the house of Brunswick, bought the vase from his cousins of Bevern, and had it removed to his capital, where it remained until after the battle of Jena, in 1806, when it was taken to England to save it from the French. Restored to the Brunswick Museum in 1815, and surreptitiously conveyed away by the late duke in 1830, its vicissitudes may not yet be over, as it will doubtless be the subject of hot litigation between the duchy of Brunswick and the city of Geneva.

As stated, the vase is cut from a single onyx, probably the finest known, certainly none as perfect exists in Europe. The cover and pedestal, as well as the spout and handle, are of solid gold. The value would be difficult to define, but must be immense. A hundred and fifty years ago, when works of art did not command a tithe of the prices paid for them at the present day, it was rated in the inventory of the Duchess Sophia Elizabeth at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There can be no doubt, from its shape and ornaments, that it was destined for a *guthus*, a sort of pitcher used in sacrificial rites, from the spout of which oil, wine, or balsam, was poured, drop by drop, on the neck of the victim, as a libation to the god.

Its antiquity has never been doubted, nor the fact that it is the work of one of the most eminent artists of ancient Greece, of one of those masters whose name and history

alike have perished, but who will live eternally in their works, compelling admiration and defying imitation. From the hardness of the material, which almost equals that of the diamond, it may be presumed that its execution must have occupied nearly the whole of its creator's life. The veining and shading of the stone are employed, in giving effect to the design, with astonishing skill and taste, the figures being white, the drapery yellowish brown, while the ground is left dark brown, the three colors harmonizing most exquisitely, so that, as the old town-clerk of Bremen enthusiastically exclaims, "Art has used the beautiful shades in such a manner that it appears as though Nature and not art had produced this treasure." The height of the onyx is six inches, and its diameter two and one-half inches, while the whole vase is six inches and three-quarters high. The golden spout and handle are fastened to the body of the pitcher by two hoops, likewise of solid gold, which divide the whole into three compartments, of which the middle one is incomparably the most interesting. It contains twelve figures, executed with a really marvelous delicacy of touch and refinement of treatment. Looking upon the vase in the position in which it is engraved, we see a group of four figures, two of whom are coming out from a door surmounted by an archway. In the foreground we behold upon a low pedestal the statue of Vertumnus, the God of Harvest, or, as some explain it, of Priapus, the God of Fruitfulness. On his right hand, a child is represented, carrying before it a basket of fruit, and preceding the two other figures, who are preparing to celebrate the Feast of Ceres and Bacchus. The drapery of the first of these two reaches up over her shoulders; she gazes straight before her, and bears in each of her outstretched hands a lighted torch. The other figure, who is clothed only to her breast, carries in her left hand a poppy-head. A vine clambers up beside the door. Adjoining this group is another group likewise composed of four figures. Its background is formed by the gates of a temple, before which Ceres, seated in a two-wheeled chariot, is being drawn by monsters, shaped somewhat like dragons. Her arms are bare, her hair confined by a diadem. Behind her stands Triptolemus, the inventor of the plough, holding an ear of corn in his hand. The chariot with dragons is probably introduced in allusion to him, as he is generally represented as being conveyed in that manner. To the left of the chariot a half-naked female figure is lying on the ground, looking upward to Ceres, and leaning her left arm upon a basket filled with grapes and other fruit. She is intended to symbolize the earth, made fruitful through the care and bounty of Ceres. Over the dragons a winged figure, probably representing a

zephyr, is seen hovering. The third group, though containing only the same number of figures, is yet twice the size of the other two. It is surmounted by a drawn-up curtain. Nearest to the second group is a beautifully-finished figure of a priestess of Ceres; her head is turned back, in her left hand she holds a poppy, while her right hand grasps a sacrificial victim. She is looking backward toward a priestess of Bacchus, who is following her, holding back a ram by the horns, and with a dish of various kinds of fruits resting on her left arm. Behind her a woman, with covered head, sits upon a stone, a basket of fruits in her lap, and an ear of corn in her hand; while a man, supporting another basket of fruits on his head with both hands, stands beside her. Of the upper and lower compartments, little need be said; the former con-

tains fruits, flowers, and leaves of different sorts; the latter is ornamented with poppy-heads, ears of corn, torches, serpents, flutes, pandean pipes, and various other emblems of the divinity of Ceres and Bacchus, in the celebration of whose mysterious rites this curious vessel was no doubt used, and we may appropriately finish with the closing sentence of the worthy German we have already quoted: "Through these hieroglyphic pictures, the blind heathen, whose belly was their god, did attempt to demonstrate their gratitude for the blessings which the earth yielded them every year, and especially the serpent may be looked on as a symbol of the sun, for, as it renews its skin every year, so doth the sun every year rejuvenate all things. So that we find upon this vessel a brief compendium of heathen mythology as regarding Ceres and Bacchus."



THE MANTUA VASE.

A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.*

A NOVEL.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Not from the heart beneath—
 'Twas a bubble born of breath,
 Neither sneer nor want
 Nor reproach nor taunt—
 'See a word how it severeth!
 'Oh, power of life and death
 In the tongue, as the preacher saith!"

"LESLIE," said Mrs. Middleton, gravely, "I really do not like the manner in which things seem to be going on between Carl and Miss Desmond."

For a wonder, the two ladies of the house were alone. After Max had taken his departure, and Norah and Carl had disappeared, Mrs. Sandford had retired to her chamber—in a fit of misanthropy, probably—and Mrs. Middleton, entering the sitting-room, found Leslie quite alone and quite idle, with a strange, preoccupied look on her face. It was so unusual to see Leslie idle; and so entirely without precedent, to see her wear that introspective expression, that her aunt might have been startled into uneasiness if her thoughts at that time had not been full of Carl's infatuation and its probable consequences. As it was, the significant attitude, and more significant expression, only made a momentary impression upon her.

"What has happened, auntie?" asked Miss Grahame, looking up. "What is going on between Carl and Norah that you do not like?"

"You might see what is going on," answered the elder lady, in a vexed tone. "Of course, you may say that flirtation does not generally mean any thing; but when it is flirtation between a man as headstrong as Carl, and a girl who is naturally anxious to establish herself in life, like Miss Desmond, it may come to mean a great deal."

"I am afraid Carl is very much in love with Norah," said Leslie, in the tone of one who makes a reluctant admission. "But I really do not think she is in the least in love with him."

"In love!" repeated Mrs. Middleton, impatiently. "Who talked of her being in love? Do you suppose that a woman like Miss Desmond is likely to marry for love?"

"I don't know," answered Leslie, doubtfully. Somehow the question brought a slight cloud over her face. Was she only just beginning to realize how little she knew of this strange sister of hers?

"The mere idea is absurd!" said her aunt, with decision. "Women of Miss Desmond's stamp—I put the unfortunate circumstances of her life entirely out of consideration—are the last women in the world to introduce a matter of sentiment into the important business of their establishment. If Carl is mad enough to offer himself, you may be sure that she will accept him without any

hesitation on the score of what she may or may not feel for him!"

"Carl has been in love very often before," said Leslie, by way of consolation.

"That makes it all the worse," promptly rejoined Mrs. Middleton. "He has now passed the age for boyish fancies, and this is likely to be a serious matter. You know his temperament—you know how impulsive he is about every thing. O Leslie, I am sorry to reproach you, but if you had only listened to the advice of your uncle and myself, none of this trouble would have come to pass."

"Yet I did not think of myself—I meant to act for the best," said Leslie. She spoke more to herself than to her aunt. She seemed to be answering some inward appeal. She had not thought of herself, she had meant to act for the best—for Norah and for Kate—why, then, should this strange, new suspicion, this complicating trouble of more than one kind, have sprung from what she had done?

"My darling, who knows that better than I?" said Mrs. Middleton, coming over and kissing her. "Don't think that I am blaming you—I would not do that for the world—I only mean, if you had listened, Leslie!"

"Yes, I know it is all my fault," said Leslie. "You may blame me as much as you like, and I am very sorry that I have brought anxiety to Uncle George and yourself; but still I have a conviction—it is borne in upon me, as the Quakers say—that Norah will never marry Carl."

Mrs. Middleton shook her head. Just then she stood as the personification of worldly wisdom, and worldly wisdom declined to credit the idea of a girl, without a shilling, refusing to marry a man who was young, sufficiently good-looking, of fair fortune, and unexceptionable social position.

"There is no question but that she will marry him if he is foolish enough to offer himself," said the worldly-wise woman. "If you could have heard what I did a few minutes ago! I was coming down-stairs, and they were in the hall. Carl asked Miss Desmond to go to walk, and she answered that it was too warm. Then he said, in the most significant tone—a tone which plainly meant something which they both understood—that they could go to the summer-house, where it would not be warmer than at five o'clock this morning. Miss Desmond was apparently about to refuse, but, looking up at that moment and seeing me, she took her hat and went. Now, Leslie, I would not say any thing in the world to hurt your feelings, but you can ask yourself whether any but a very fast girl would be likely to act in such a manner as that."

"In such a manner as what? It does not follow that Norah was at the summer-house at five o'clock, because Carl said that it is no warmer there now than it was then," answered Leslie, though her heart sank. She remembered the glance at the breakfast-table—a glance which did not look much as if Carl had been the companion of Miss Desmond's walk, or the person with whom she kept an appointment.

"The tone was more significant than the words," said Mrs. Middleton, whose eyes and ears were both more than ordinarily quick.

"My dear, there was something connected with the summer-house at five o'clock, you may be sure. When Miss Desmond saw me she changed color, and you may judge whether she was likely or not to have done that without cause."

Leslie answered nothing. She knew Norah's supreme self-possession too well to deny this telling point.

"Besides," said Mrs. Middleton, "I asked Robert, whom I met a moment later, if he knew whether any one had left the house very early this morning. He said that the glass door at the end of the side-passage was ajar when he first opened the house, and that about seven o'clock Miss Desmond came in from the shrubbery."

"But this only shows that she took a walk," said Leslie. Her heart was growing sorer every moment with a soreness of which Mrs. Middleton did not even faintly guess; but she fought loyally for Norah all the same. "Surely, dear Aunt Mildred, there is no harm in that. I don't think the strictest-laced person in the world could call it improper to take a walk in the shrubbery and come back at seven o'clock. As for an appointment with Carl—why should she make an appointment with him when they can see each other at any and every hour of the day?"

Mrs. Middleton only shook her head again. Proof she had none; but her conviction was as a mountain.

"There was something more than a mere walk in question," she said. "Carl would never have spoken, Miss Desmond would never have looked, as they did, if there had not been! Leslie, what did I tell you the day that she came? Did I not tell you that I distrusted her? This distrust has grown with every hour since that time until now—I feel confident that she is playing some underhand game which will shock us dreadfully when it comes to light!"

"How can you say such a thing?" said Leslie. She grew suddenly pale. That feeling which the French call a *serrement du cœur* seized her in its terrible constriction. For a minute she could not utter another word. The scene of the preceding night rose before her with startling vividness; she seemed to be looking again out of the shadowy darkness down the long, lighted room to where Norah sat in all her brilliant beauty at the piano, with Arthur Tyndale's fair, handsome face bending over her. She saw the slip of folded paper pass from one to the other; she heard again Carl's bitter, jealous speech, the memory of which came back to her like a flash of illuminating light: "*Perhaps they lack an opportunity, and desire to make one.*" Was that what five o'clock in the summer-house meant?

But she had a brave, proud heart, and she refused to be overcome by the dark thoughts and darker doubts which rushed upon her. She set her back, as it were, against a wall, crying out to her foes as they came, "I will not yield to you! I will not lower myself, and, it may be, wrong others, by listening to these demons of suspicion and jealousy which I have all my life held in scorn!" And she controlled all outward expression of that which wrung her heart as few women of twice

* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1913, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

her age could have done. It was strange, but it is nevertheless true, that at this moment of all moments—this moment when, in a lower nature, the iron of suspicion would have entered the soul to poison every generous impulse—a dim, struggling sense of something akin to the grand old *noblesse oblige* came to Leslie. "This is the hour of trial," an inward voice seemed to say. "Now prove whether or not you are able to rise above it! Prove whether or not it is of necessity that this pang should debase as well as torture you!"

And she rose above it—for the time, at least. There was something almost heroic in the effort which it cost her to turn to her aunt and say quietly, though with slightly-quivering lips:

"I think—I hope—that you wrong Norah. I do not believe that she would play an underhand game of any kind. As for Carl, I am almost sure that she has no idea of marrying him."

"I can scarcely believe that," said Mrs. Middleton. "But, if it were possible to find out what she really means to do, I should be in a measure relieved. Leslie, I don't want to ask you to do any thing disagreeable, but she is your sister, after all, and—and if you could find out something definite about her intentions—"

"I fear it is impossible," Leslie was beginning, when the sound of a step, the rustle of a dress in the hall, made her start and turn. She expected to see Mrs. Sandford, but instead it was Norah, who, having advanced to the door, stood there, framed like a beautiful picture.

For a moment that slight, embarrassing pause fell which even the most highly-bred people are sometimes unable to restrain when a person of whom they have been talking suddenly appears.

Then Mrs. Middleton broke the silence with one of her courteous commonplaces.

"I am afraid you found the sun too warm for walking, after all, Miss Desmond."

"It is very warm," answered Norah; but she did not say in words, or imply in manner, that she had returned to the house on account of the heat. "Shall I disturb you if I come in?" she added, after a moment. "You seemed so much engaged that I hesitated."

"There was no need to hesitate; you will not disturb us in the least," answered both ladies.

"Indeed, we were just speaking of you," said Mrs. Middleton, taking the bull by the horns with an ease which did her infinite credit.

"Perhaps for that very reason I had better not come in," said Norah. "You may not have quite exhausted the subject, and, in that case, it would be a pity to interrupt you."

"We were not discussing, but only speaking of you," said Leslie, with her sweet, frank smile. "Is there not a difference? But I think you might trust your character in my hands."

"I think I might," answered the other, looking at her with a quick glance—a glance compounded strangely of various expressions

—as she entered the room and crossed the floor.

"Did not Carl come in with you?" asked Mrs. Middleton, looking at her in turn with rather keen scrutiny as she sat down and untied her hat.

"No," was the reply. "I left him in the shrubbery."

"You did not go to the summer-house, then?"

"No" (as indifferently as before), "we did not walk so far."

"It is too warm for walking," said Leslie, quickly. This identical remark had been made, on an average, at least fifty times a day during the last week; but Miss Grahame was too anxious to change the conversation to make any effort for novelty at that moment.

"It is very warm!" said Mrs. Middleton, with an equal degree of original brilliancy. Then she opened her fan, and, rising, walked away. "I had almost forgotten that I must see Betsy," she said.—Betsy was the house-keeper, and quite a character in her line.

So it was that the two sisters found themselves alone. Leslie understood perfectly that her aunt had gone, because she was anxious to give her a fair opportunity to sound the depths of Miss Desmond's intentions with regard to Carl; but Leslie, who would not have felt a particular aptitude for such a task at any time, was peculiarly conscious just now of her utter inability to cope with Norah's reticence and self-possession. She might have been a little surprised if she had known that Norah was at that moment endeavoring to determine how she could best sound the depths of *her* character and intentions.

A minute of silence passed, which Leslie was the first to break—half timidly:

"We have seen so little of each other since you have been here, Norah! I wonder if you have felt it as well as I? It has really pressed upon me with a constant weight of regret. I have been sorry that there should have been so many people to come between us, so many social engagements to separate us. We are not half so well acquainted as I should like for us to be."

"Perhaps we are sufficiently well acquainted," said Norah, in her careless way. "Perhaps, if you knew me better, you might not like me at all. I think that you do like me a little now," she added, with a slight, wistful cadence in her tone.

"I like you very much, indeed," said Leslie, frankly; "and I am sure I should soon grow to love you dearly. How can you think that, under any circumstances, I could possibly not like you at all?"

"Because we have been reared so differently," was the response. "Because we must, of necessity, possess so little in common. We belong to different worlds; we bear the stamp of different trainings—bear it not only outwardly but inwardly—and hence it may be better that we should see each other (at least, that you should see me) in the superficial manner which you regret."

"I do not believe it," said Leslie. Despite the suspicious tugging at her heart, it was impossible for her to believe it, as she looked at the face before her. "You wrong yourself when you talk so! You do not know what

some—some people might imply! They might think that there was a radical defect in your character or your training."

"They would not be far wrong," said the other, bitterly. "A radical defect, did you say? There might be a hundred, for all the effort to the contrary any one ever made—except Kate—Kate, who has been an angel ever since she was born! That is a queer thing to say of the daughter of a Bohemian adventurer, is it not? But, then, she comes of Irish blood. And every man and woman and child in Ireland has the blood of saints and martyrs in their veins. You would never guess it from some of us—from papa or from me, for example—but it comes out in Kate."

"I should like to know Kate," said Leslie, smiling a little. "But, still, I am glad to know you—very glad! And we are sisters, Norah," she added. "Don't forget that! I feel half envious as I see your eyes light up when you talk of Kate. She has had you, and you have had her—but I have had nobody!"

"You may envy me the possession of Kate as much as you please, and with good cause," said Norah, "but you need not envy Kate the possession of me. I have given her any amount of trouble all my life, or, rather, all her life, for I am the oldest."

"If you have gone through the world turning men's heads and breaking men's hearts as you have done in the short time you have been here, I scarcely wonder," said Leslie. She saw her opportunity, and took advantage of it after a fashion; but she could not help feeling mean as she did so. It seemed like making an attempt to surprise Norah's confidence. She might have spared her compunctions if she had only known how little Norah's confidence was likely to be surprised.

"Have I turned anybody's head or broken anybody's heart since I have been here?" asked that young lady. "I really think you must be mistaken. One cannot work destruction—at least, not that kind of destruction—without being aware of it."

"Oh! I think one can," said Leslie. "At least, I mean one may learn that one has worked it too late." ("She is thinking of Captain Tyndale!" commented her hearer mentally.) "But I am sure you will not pretend to deny that Carl is in love with you!"

"Why should I deny it?" asked Norah. "It is no fault of mine, even if it is a discredit to him. But I thought you were talking of something which had occurred since I came here."

"And had *this* occurred before you came here, then?" cried Leslie, astonished, but somewhat relieved.—"It has not been my fault, after all!" she thought.

"Perhaps I ought to refer you to your cousin for an answer to that question," answered Norah. "He had never done me the honor to ask me to marry him, before we came here; but, of course, any woman, with a grain of common-sense, knows when a man is in love with her."

"And now that he has asked you—for, of course, he has—" said Leslie, eagerly, "do you mean to marry him? O Norah, if this is so—"

"But it is not so!" interposed Norah, sharply. "What have you seen—in me—to make you fancy such a thing?"

"I have seen nothing whatever to make me fancy that you are in love with Carl," said Leslie, thinking that she would sound boldly, since she was sounding at all. "But some women—that is, all women—do not wait for love in making up their minds to marry."

"That is very true, indeed; and it would ill become any one like me to talk high-minded sentiment on such a subject, would it not? But still I may be permitted to say that, if there are other things besides love to be taken into consideration, there are also

The next great essential is freedom. I have belonged from my birth to the Bedouins of civilization. A tread-mill of commonplace domestic or social life would prove so utterly unendurable to me that no paraphernalia of wealth—no carriages, diamonds, millinery, or furniture—could reconcile me to it. I should like money very much—as much, I suppose, as anybody else in the world—but money would be to me what it was to Robinson Crusoe on his desert island if I could not go into the world—my world—to spend it. And, in speaking of my world, you must not think that I mean Bohemia—I would gladly shake off that to-morrow, if I could—but I mean the

"But do change and excitement make happiness?" asked Leslie.

"Does any thing make happiness?" was the cynical rejoinder. "Of happiness as a positive state, I know nothing. I am only able to make my comparison by the greater or lesser degree of misery and discomfort."

"O Norah!"

"You see, I told you that perhaps it is as well that our acquaintance heretofore has been superficial," said Norah. "If we knew each other well, I should only shock you. One who has been tossed about the world as I have been is not likely to look at things as you do, and I have always observed that hap-



The Inquisitive Widow.—Page 82.

other things besides carriages and horses—excellent as they are!"

"Nobody can deny that," said Leslie; but she looked a little puzzled—what was coming next?

"Sympathy is the first of these things," said Norah. "I don't mean romantic sympathy—union of heart and soul, and all that absurdity—but the rational sympathy of tastes, habits, breeding, and inclinations. This is essential. I would rather share a garret and a crust of bread with a thoroughly sympathetic person, than live in a palace with one whose ideas, tastes, and opinions jarred upon, wearied, and yet controlled me.

great world, the world in which people live, instead of merely vegetating! So, you see"—smiling faintly and a little scornfully—"that your uncle and aunt may quiet their anxiety. Though your cousin offers me several very good gifts—himself among the number—they are gifts in a form which would be worse than useless to me. When the first restlessness of youth is over, he will settle down into the groove in which his fathers and grandfathers have walked before him. Do you think that I could share such a life? Not with the wild blood that is in my veins—not with the wild love of change and excitement in my heart."

py people regard with suspicion and distrust the unfortunate class for whom life has not been painted in rose-color. They look upon it as a striking instance of the depravity of human taste that anybody should choose to be miserable in such an agreeable world."

"Where did you learn such ideas?" asked Leslie, in a tone of absolute pain. "Would you believe me if I were to say that you are entirely wrong?"

"I am not sure how far I might perjure myself if you looked at me with such wistful eyes as those," answered Norah, smiling. "So perhaps I had better go" (she rose as she spoke). "I was awake very early this

morning, and I feel like anticipating my *siesta* by several hours."

"Awake very early this morning!" Those words brought back the doubts which, for a moment, Leslie had forgotten. Her change of countenance was so great and so entirely beyond her control, that Norah saw it and stopped short. "She suspects or knows part of the truth!" she thought; "shall I tell her the rest?" The words necessary for doing so rushed to her lips. In another second they would have found utterance, if the recollection of her promise to Max Tyndale had not risen up and checked them. "Give me twenty-four hours!" he had said, and she had promised to give them to him. To break that promise was impossible, or seemed impossible to her. Still she could test Leslie—she could see if she were ready to meet the truth. That would be something gained.

"We spoke a little while ago of marriage," she said, slowly, "and—of love. Do you agree with me in thinking that if one had put one's whole freight of happiness—you believe in happiness, you know—upon the truth or falsehood of a single person, and that person was false instead of true, it would be better to know it—better to face any bitterness or desolation—than to live a life, however sweet, that was built upon a lie?"

The earnestness of her voice, the steady glow of her eyes, said even more than her words. A great fear suddenly seemed to come over Leslie. She felt as if she were standing on the brink of something terrible, of something that would shatter her whole fabric of existence, of something which she could not bear to know. For the first time in her life, she shrank like a coward.

"I—I cannot tell," she said. "Why should you say such things? No one whom I know could possibly deceive me. But even if it were so"—with a pale, quivering ghost of a smile—"you know that where ignorance is bliss it is always folly to be wise."

"I know it!" said Norah. "Pardon me—it is the last thing in the world which I know or desire to learn. Give me the truth always, at all times, and under all circumstances, even if it crushes my heart and ruins my life! It is entirely a matter of taste, however. Let those live on lies who like them. I have no disposition to force my choice upon any one."

She turned away as she spoke; but Leslie, moving forward quickly, laid her hand on her arm.

"Stop!" she said shortly, almost sternly. "You must tell me what you mean. I scarcely knew what I said, a minute ago. I have no more desire to live on lies than you can have. If—if you know any thing which I ought to hear, for Heaven's sake tell me what it is!"

But Norah had already said more than she intended, and now—bound in the fetters of her promise to Max—she found herself involved, greatly to her disgust, in the absolute necessity for an evasion.

"I merely put a case to you," she said. "Every one does not think as I do. I was anxious to know how you felt. I am glad that you are brave enough to be able to face the truth if it should ever be necessary for

you to do so. None of us can tell how soon such a need may arise. But you must forgive me if I have startled you. I did not mean to do that."

"Did you not?" said Leslie, and the faint, quivering smile passed over her face again. "Yet you spoke very much as if you meant to speak with a purpose. Of course it rests with yourself, however, to give an explanation or not."

But, as she uttered these words, her eyes were less proud than her lips. They asked this explanation so plainly, so imploringly, that Norah's conscience smote her as she turned away. She felt that it would have been hard to tell the truth; yet it was still harder to leave it untold. She could not force herself to say, "I have nothing to explain;" so, murmuring some half-incoherent words of regret, she passed from the room, conscious that she left behind an aching heart and a lost opportunity.

This consciousness was not particularly conducive to amiability, as she mounted the stairs to her own room. She felt that every thing was going wrong in the most exasperating manner. Arthur, Leslie, Max, Carl—and Mrs. Sandford in the background—were so many different sources of annoyance and anxiety. "After all, had I not better pack my trunk and take the train to-night alone?" she thought. "This state of affairs cannot continue long—there is too much electricity in the atmosphere. Perhaps it would be well to escape the explosion."

Full of these thoughts she passed quickly, and, as it chanced, almost noiselessly, across the matting-covered floor of the upper hall to her own chamber. As she opened the door, she paused on the threshold. Had she mistaken the room? A quick glance at the familiar furniture, and her own familiar belongings, assured her that she had not, yet a graceful figure in a Nansook *robe de chambre* was standing at the toilet-table, apparently engaged in critically overlooking its miscellaneous articles.

When Mrs. Sandford retired to her own room after breakfast, she felt as much out of sorts as a very pretty widow, with a satisfactory account at her banker's and a charming wardrobe in her trunk, could possibly feel. Gratifying to her eyes had been the sight of Captain Tyndale at the breakfast-table, and still more gratifying to her feelings the prospect of a demi-flirtation under the convenient guise of confidential disclosures touching the unquestionable guilt of Arthur and Norah. To have a summary end put to this prospect, was more than she could bear with equanimity. Outraged by Max's departure, she found it necessary to blame some one besides himself. "That creature has been talking to him!" she thought—for it is astonishing how vexation will sharpen even dull wits—"she has been making out her case! Oh, if I only could speak to him for a moment—if I could only tell him about the note last night!"

Following hard upon this thought came another. "If I only knew what was in that note! I am sure that it was an appointment! I am sure she went out this morning to keep it—but if I only knew! He could not refuse

to believe such clear proof as that; and it really seems an incumbent *duty* to expose her duplicity. To think of poor, dear Leslie! And then, there is Max himself; if I don't show him beyond doubt what game she is playing, he may be in her train next. Men are such fools—and I think two strings to her bow are quite enough!"

Moved by such high-minded reflections as these, the next step was to consider how to obtain a knowledge of what was in the note. Clearly there was but one way of doing this—from the note itself. "If I could only see it!" mused she. "If there was only any way of seeing it!" Then, impatiently, "If I could only *think* of any way of seeing it!" When any one has gone as far as this, it is not difficult to go farther, it is not difficult to resolve, "I will find some way of seeing it!" To this point Mrs. Sandford soon came. She was not a person who was accustomed to think much of right or wrong, of honorable or dishonorable deeds. What she wished to do was generally her criterion for what she did do. She had never before wished to interfere with any one's private correspondence, but, now that the emergency had arisen, she could see no just cause or reason why she should not find, read, and perhaps appropriate, Mr. Tyndale's note, if Miss Desmond had been obliging enough to leave it within her reach.

Of course, in order to institute such a search, it was necessary to enter Miss Desmond's chamber, but of that Mrs. Sandford thought lightly. It was so easily done that really, as she said to herself, it seemed no more than crossing her own floor. She had only to step through one of her windows to the balcony upon which it opened, and to walk a few steps to find herself at the corresponding window of Norah's room. If they had been established in their present quarters with a view to possible contingencies of this kind, every thing could not have been better arranged. To plan a campaign and to execute it, the greatest generals have sometimes found to be very different things; but, in the present instance, there was no more difficulty in the execution than in the plan. This fair general knew that Norah had left the house with Carl; she fancied her safe for at least an hour's flirtation in the shrubbery; hence, she felt no hesitation in leaving her own room, in walking down the balcony, in opening the half-closed Venetian blinds of the adjoining chamber, and in boldly stepping within.

Every thing was cool and fresh and in perfect order. The housemaid had finished her work and gone. None of the loose odds and ends, the throw-off dresses and discarded ribbons, of a later hour, were lying about. The wardrobe had engulfed the first, the toilet-table, drawers, and boxes, had, no doubt, received the last. Mrs. Sandford's glance traveled critically round the room, as she paused for a moment by the window. "It is handsomer than mine!" she thought, resentfully. "What do they mean by giving it to her?" It made little difference in her resentment that, as a matter of fact, any one not accustomed to appraising furniture might have been puzzled to decide which was the

most luxurious of the two apartments; those infantine blue eyes knew to a shilling the probable cost of every article on which they rested, and they wandered now from the carved bedstead in an alcove, with its tent-like canopy and draperies of white netting, over the deep chairs and couches, the swinging mirrors, the china, and marble, and lace, and upholstery, which made a very pretty "interior." On none of these things did they rest, however. That distinction was reserved for a small table standing near an end window, on which a large and more substantial writing-desk than ladies generally use was placed.

Now, confident as she was that there was no danger of being surprised, Mrs. Sandford had yet no disposition to waste time; and, crossing the floor, she at once began examining this desk. To her infinite disappointment and disgust, it was locked. She had by this time so fully entered into the spirit of what she was doing that, on making this vexatious discovery, she at once seized a pen-knife which lay open on the table, and, regardless of consequences, tried to force the lock. If it had been the toy which is usually placed on ladies' desks, she could easily have succeeded, but, for a wonder, it was firm and strong, and guarded its trust faithfully. After a minute she relinquished the attempt as hopeless, and threw the knife impatiently down. "Yet this proves that she has something to conceal!" she said, aloud, almost triumphantly. "If I could only open it—if I only could!"

Since the gratification of this moderate desire was impossible, save by recourse to more desperate measures than any she felt inclined to adopt, her next step was to look about the room and see if she could find any thing of a criminating nature which Norah might have neglected to secure under lock and key. Here, however, she found herself baffled at all points. In the course of her life, Miss Desmond had evidently learned that the best of all policies is the policy of caution. With an extended knowledge of young ladies' habits, and of the nooks and corners into which they are most likely to cram letters or notes, Mrs. Sandford found herself entirely at fault. A moderate number of laces, ribbons, and frills, rewarded her search; but absolutely nothing of more importance. The only scrap of any thing bearing writing which she found was an envelope that Norah had evidently addressed to her sister, and then thrown aside because a blot of ink had fallen upon it. This she at once put into her pocket. "It may serve to compare with some of her writing," she thought, from which it will be perceived that Mrs. Sandford was in training for a very excellent detective, indeed.

This envelope she found in a side-drawer of the toilet-table. There was a corresponding drawer on the other side, which she had not yet examined. Encouraged by her first measure of success—success which a less sanguine nature might have esteemed very scant—she turned to explore this receptacle. Blank disappointment awaited her—blank disappointment, and a dozen or two long-legged hair-pins. It was while she was sur-

vveying these with irritation that the door opened, and Norah stood on the threshold!

For at least a minute Mrs. Sandford remained in ignorance of her presence. She glanced over the whole toilet-table critically, opened the powder-box, sniffed at a bottle of Farina cologne, tried the effect of a mosaic ear-ring against her face, and finally, shrugging her shoulders with an air of disgust, turned away, to face the owner of the castle which she had so coolly invaded.

She started violently, blushed crimson, and for a moment was too much disconcerted to find any words with which to account for her presence. In truth, Norah's face and manner were not particularly reassuring. She made no attempt to conceal her indignant surprise and anger as, after a second, she advanced into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Can I do any thing for you?" she asked. "Were you looking for any thing which I can furnish?"

If Mrs. Sandford had been in the palace of truth she would certainly have replied that she was looking for something which Miss Desmond could furnish; but, as it was, she recovered the use of her tongue to answer with ready, though rather lame apology:

"I beg a thousand pardons! I had no idea—I mean I thought you would not mind if I came in to try the effect of your mirror. Mine is one of the horrid broadening kind, and it makes such a fright of me that I never know how I look, or how my dresses sit. My maid complains of it all the time, so I thought I would just step over and try yours. I was sure you would not object!"

The last sentence was uttered with an appealing look, which would have gone straight to the heart of any man in the world. Perhaps it was because Norah was not a man that her heart rather hardened than softened under its influence. She had an instinct of the business which had brought this beguiling creature into her chamber, and she did not feel inclined to deal very gently with her.

"At the risk of seeming rude, I must say that I do object to my room being entered in my absence," she answered, even more coldly than she had spoken before. "It strikes me as a little singular, also, that you should never have thought of trying the effect of my mirror until you knew that I was out of the house."

"I am sorry that I should have thought of trying it at all!" said Mrs. Sandford, crimsoning again, partly from mortification, partly from anger. "I certainly did not expect such a reception as this! But of course one must make allowances," she added, bitterly. "Courtesy is not cultivated in Bohemia, I suppose."

"We certainly think it of less importance than honesty," answered Norah, in her clear voice. "You may spare your taunts, Mrs. Sandford! You could not sting me if you were to try all day; and how little you could increase my knowledge of yourself, I may perhaps let you know in the simple fact that I am not at all surprised to find you here in my absence. We are both guests in this house, and, down-stairs, we must of necessity meet on neutral ground; but, in my own

room, you are certainly well aware of the reasons why I feel no inclination to receive you!"

"I am perfectly well aware of a reason why I might decline to come here," said Mrs. Sandford, thinking that the sooner she carried the war into Africa the better. "You cannot help knowing, Miss Desmond, that, if I chose to open my lips and betray your—your conduct to Leslie, your hours as a guest in this house would be numbered."

"If I might venture to ask you to do me a favor," said Norah, "it would be to open your lips and betray my conduct to Leslie as soon as possible. But, in truth, you dare not do this; you are not certain enough of the ground on which you stand; you did not learn enough in the library window at Strafford. Perhaps it is to a natural desire to increase your knowledge that I owe the pleasure of finding you here to-day?"

Her piercing eyes seconded this point-blank interrogation so well that, with a discomfited sense of getting the worst of this war of words, Mrs. Sandford had no alternative but to turn away.

"I have already told you why I came," she said. "I must repeat, however, that I am exceedingly sorry for having yielded to my impulse. I am so foolish—I always do yield to my impulses, and then I often regret it. In spite of your great rudeness, I have no intention of betraying to Leslie any thing which I learned—*by pure accident*—in the library of that window at Strafford. I may be weak—I have no doubt that I am—but I really cannot think of inflicting such a blow upon her. How you can reconcile your duplicity with your conscience, Miss Desmond—"

"My duplicity is my own affair," interrupted Norah, "and I fear that my conscience is too callous for even your eloquence to make any impression upon it. Will you excuse me if I say that I came up-stairs to rest, and that solitude is always my great essential for rest?"

"I can excuse any thing that you choose to say on the score of your deficiencies of breeding," answered Mrs. Sandford. "The difficult thing to do will be to excuse myself for having incurred such treatment. I shall not forget it, Miss Desmond—you may be sure of that!"

"If your memory is equal to your invention, I can readily credit that," said Norah, coolly.

Then, walking to the door, she held it open, while the other swept angrily out.

MISCELLANY.

THE HISTORY OF ACHEEN.

(Translated from the Paris Journal Officiel.)

OF all the states of the large island of Sumatra, the kingdom of Acheen is the only one which, in fact, has a history in the sense which Europeans attach to that word. And yet, up to the year 1811, the rôle of the princes of Acheen appears to have been secondary, as they were, until that time, vassals of the princes of Pédér. It was only when the celebrated Albuquerque, by the conquest of Malacca, laid in Southeastern Asia the foundations of Portuguese domina-

tion, which was destined to survive there for more than a century, that the history of Acheen commenced to shine with a certain brilliancy, and to eclipse that of all the other Sumatran principalities. Native chronicles, it is true, make this prosperity ascend to a much more distant epoch. If they are to be believed, in the year 605 of the Hegira (April 21, 1205), a stranger disembarked at Acheen from a mysterious country, introduced Islamism, founded there a Mohammedan dynasty, and married a native girl. He assumed the name of Tadouka-Sri-Sultan-Johon-Shah.

From the thirteenth century to the end of the fifteenth (1496), wherein commence historical and more certain data regarding the history of Acheen, the same chronicles mention only seven reigning princes, whose reigns were so distributed in their lengths, that each one of them must have ruled nearly fifty years. However this may be, it was one of these, called by the native chroniclers Isalah-Addin-Shah, and by authentic history Rajah-Ibrahim, who was really the founder of the kingdom of Acheen. A son of a slave of the Sultan of Pédir, he shook off the yoke of the latter, and possessed himself of his states in 1523, and afterward seized Pasch and Aron. Thenceforth the power of Acheen was firmly established.

From the moment when the Portuguese set foot on the Malayan Peninsula, opposite Acheen, the sovereignty of the latter country became their irreconcilable enemy. This lively hatred was bequeathed to his successors; for, during a period of one hundred and thirty-one years which elapsed between the conquest of Malacca by the Portuguese in 1511, and the capture of that town by the Dutch in 1641, strife between the Portuguese and the princes of Acheen never ceased. Sixteen times—in 1537, 1547, 1567, 1573, etc.—the kings of Acheen crossed the Strait of Malacca to lay siege to the fortress of Malacca, then in possession of the Portuguese. In the attacks of 1567 and 1573 especially, did they exhibit their military power, the sultan having under his command an army of fifteen thousand warriors, with nearly two hundred cannon, while his fleet covered the whole expanse of the strait.

This sultan was Mansour-Shah, who ascended the throne of Acheen in 1567. Rajah-Ibrahim, poisoned by one of his wives, had died in 1528 or 1529. Under the reign of Mansour-Shah, Acheen became an important state, whose friendship was courted by the princes of the other principalities of Sumatra. Foreign vessels flocked to the port of her capital, which, thanks to a liberal system of customs, enjoyed a flourishing commerce. All the Asiatic countries, from Arabia in the west to Japan, came to seek protection and security in the ports of Acheen, which was the enemy of the Portuguese alone.

During the reign of the usurper Ala-Eddin-Rayet-Shah, the successor of Mansour-Shah (1588-1603), the Portuguese were allowed a breathing-spell. The Dutch and the English received a warm welcome at his court. It was while he was on the throne that the English established at Bantam their first factory in Sumatra, an event that was soon followed by a treaty of commerce between the sultan and Queen Elizabeth. As to the Dutch, they were the objects of a special distinction. In 1602 the Prince of Acheen sent an embassy to Prince Maurice of Orange, who was then besieging the town of Grave, and who received the Achinese at his headquarters in the midst of the clash of arms. One of the ambassadors died during this journey, and he was buried at Middleburg, in Holland.

Ala-Eddin voluntarily abdicated in favor of his son, whose only claim to remembrance in history is this—that under his reign was

formed the royal body-guard, composed of women which all subsequent princes of Acheen have never failed, up to the present time, to maintain.

But it was when Iskander-Mouda (1610-'41), called by the European historians Padouka-Sri, was sultan, that Acheen attained her greatest glory and prosperity. This prince followed the traditions of his ancestors in his foreign policy. After having conquered the kingdom of Siak in 1613, he led an expedition, two years later, against the Portuguese in Malacca. This expedition comprised three hundred vessels and sixty thousand warriors. On this occasion the Portuguese fleet gained a brilliant victory. In 1628 the sultan returned to the charge with two hundred and forty vessels and twenty thousand soldiers, but he was again defeated by the Portuguese.

The overthrow of the Achinese was so complete that the sultan made no further movement in any direction until the year 1640, when he entered into an alliance with the Dutch. He died in the course of the succeeding year, after a reign of thirty years, carrying with him to the tomb the consolatory knowledge that Malacca was no longer in the power of his enemies the Portuguese; and, further, that the colonial prestige of the latter was a thing of the past, the Dutch having, in fact, seized Malacca in January, 1641, and firmly established themselves there.

It is a singular fact, and one that induces reflection, that, as long as the struggle with the Portuguese lasted, notwithstanding the enormous sacrifices in money made by Acheen, the power of that kingdom constantly increased; but, scarcely had Malacca fallen into the hands of the Dutch, and the Portuguese been expelled, before the decline of Acheen commenced.

The death of Iskander-Mouda marks still another change in the political history of Acheen. That prince having died without issue, the nobles, all-powerful in Acheen, where the people, as is common among the Malays, prefer an oligarchy to absolute monarchy, adopted the plan of confiding the authority of the sovereign to women, and, during fifty-eight years, the sceptre of Acheen was transformed into a distaff.

From 1641 to 1699 four princesses, named as follows, occupied the throne: Taj-al-Alam (1641-'75), Nur-al-Alam (1675-'77), Amayet-Shah (1677-'88), and Kamalet-Shah (1688-'99). The first of these sultanas even dreamed of marrying a Dutchman, but the East-India Company opposed the idea, a new proof of the power of that great commercial association.

The Dutch had certainly no cause to complain of the feminine régime that prevailed in Acheen. They obtained the monopoly of commerce by the terms of a treaty which assured them advantages which the English did not possess. But, on the other hand, it was from this moment that the enmity of the Achinese was dated, because they saw the Dutch become masters of all the reach of coast south of the Singkel River, while they themselves were driven from this last point as well as from Baras and Tapous.

The government of the women and the seventeenth century expired together. The fanatical Mussulman party, which was opposed to the female régime, deposed the sultana Kamalet-Shah. The conquests previously made in the Malayan Peninsula and along the western coast of Sumatra had been lost under the princesses of whom we have spoken, and thenceforth the decline of the kingdom was steady.

In the eighteenth century, and, for a much stronger reason, in the nineteenth, nothing remained to the Achinese of the inheritance of their ancestors but the sentiment of independence, the quality of courage, and the practice of that important axiom of the pol-

icy of their forefathers: the knowledge that, at every cost, European powers must be prevented from mixing in their affairs.

From 1702 to 1803 seven princes reigned in Acheen. Djanhar-Alam-Shah (1803-'14), having been dethroned, was reinstated by the intervention of the English, who, on April 22, 1819, concluded with Acheen a treaty which guaranteed them exceptional advantages. Every other European power was excluded from the waters of Sumatra.

This summary treatment of other nations was only possible in view of the maritime supremacy of England in those latitudes. Since 1798, and, above all, since the suppression of the East-India Company, the greater part of the Dutch possessions in Sumatra had passed into the hands of England; and, when Holland, in 1810, was incorporated with the French Empire, all these colonies belonged to England, among them the Moluccas, and even Java in 1811.

When England restored to Holland the latter's ancient possessions, the treaty above mentioned was no longer of any avail. In March, 1824, a new convention was substituted for it. Holland was recognized as the sole European power established in Sumatra. On her part, she engaged herself to undertake no enterprise against the independence of the princes of the northern part of the island, promising to watch over the safety of commerce and of navigation, and to compass the destruction of piracy.

From that time the Sultan of Acheen considered himself a *protégé* of England, but he understood the guarantee of his independence by the English in a singular sense. Under the protection of this guarantee he hoped to extend his domination at his humor, and to reënter into possession of the colonies of Baras, of Tapous, and of Singkel. From this arose constant complications with Holland—complications which brought about the sanguinary war of 1839-'40, the issue of which was fatal to the Achinese. Another rising was attempted by the Achinese in 1848, but with the same measure of ill success.

Thenceforward the people of Acheen showed themselves to be the inveterate enemies of Holland, violating, as they did, the territory of the latter, abducting her subjects, and carrying on a system of piracy against her vessels. Holland could long since have made use of reprisals against so many perfidies; but she wished to abide by the treaties, and act with respect toward England. By the treaty of the Hague, of November 2, 1871, Holland ceded to the power named her possessions on the coast of Guinea. Free, thenceforth, in her course toward Sumatra (for she had exacted, in exchange for this cession, the right to have freedom in her actions in the island), Holland demanded of Acheen the faithful execution of the treaty concluded March 30, 1857, with the Sultan Ala-Eddin. To this demand the Achinese replied with a refusal, or, at least, with new provocations. Such was the origin of the present war.

SCHILLER'S SISTER.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

In the duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, near the Bavarian border, there is a steep, isolated hill, on whose summit there are the ruins of the castle that was for generations the stronghold of the counts of Henneberg.

The panorama from this hill is bounded on the one side by the Rhine Mountains, on the other side by the Blue Mountains of the forest of Thuringia, while the valley below is covered by smiling fields, and dotted by thrifty villages.

One of these latter, small and unpretending as it appears, bears an historic name. It

is Bauerbach, where Schiller lived as "Doctor Ritter" from November, 1772, to July, 1773.

I went down to the village and entered the little house, which presents an appearance quite like the other houses of the peasantry, except that a memorial-tablet (*Gedenktafel*) has been placed over the door. The interior is simply but tastefully furnished. You are shown a worm-eaten table, a coffee-machine, writing-materials, and other articles, which Schiller is said to have used. Strangers who visit the house are wont to look at and handle these articles with a certain reverential awe, while the natives, who know that these "Schiller relics" were collected in various garrets and old lumber-rooms, pay no attention to them, and occupy their time in looking at the pictures with which the walls are adorned. Besides a collection of the illustrations of Schiller's works, there is a number of family portraits. They are nearly all of them but poorly done; only one of them, indeed, is really well executed—the head of a very old lady, whose features betray great goodness and intelligence.

"That is the portrait of Schiller's sister, Hofrathin Reinwald, who lived in Meiningen, and died there," said my Bauerbach *cicerone*; "and here," pointing to an *aquarelle*, representing two tulips, "is a picture she herself painted."

He wanted to tell me more about Schiller's sister, but, as I looked at the portrait, I recalled so many scenes of my happy childhood, in which I had so often seen the old lady, that I preferred to dispense with his further companionship. It is nearly thirty years since I saw her for the first time. I was then a child. My parents, who lived in Meiningen, were compelled, in accordance with the old-time usage of the little town, to give, at least once a month, "a company," and, if I was allowed on such occasions to enter the "best room" only rarely, I nevertheless looked forward to these occasions with childish delight, for they never failed to yield me a share of the delicacies that were served to our guests.

On one occasion I seemed to have been forgotten, and, as I was not disposed to go without my usual tribute of cake and sweetmeats, I decided to go and demand it. I made my way through a couple of dark rooms, arrived safely at the room where the guests were assembled, and, as the door was ajar, I did not hesitate to enter. But I did not venture beyond the threshold, although nearly the whole company was known to me. Of those who were not, the one who most attracted my attention was a lady, who sat in the softly-cushioned grandfather-chair, which was looked upon in the family as being something almost sacred. She was very old, and wore an enormous white cap, such as my grandmother wore in the morning and at night, and when she was not well. That the strange lady should wear a nightcap in company seemed to me so comical that I could not help laughing.

Everybody turned toward the door where I stood, and my mother rose hastily to conduct me out of the room, as I was in any thing but company-costume. Her guests, however, all entered their protest against such a proceeding. I was, therefore, allowed to remain.

"You are a fine boy," said the old lady in the big arm-chair, with a kindly nod.

"I have heard that you know some nice poems," said Madame von Gleichen; "you must declaim one for us."

My mother brushed back my hair, which was in a happy state of disorder, and whispered, "Das Lämmlein." I took a position, and declaimed—

"Willst du nicht das Lämmlein hüten," etc.

The applause I received inspired me with so much confidence that I cried: "Oh, I know

a poem that's a great deal prettier than the 'Lämmlein,'" and I recited—

"Thier' und Menschen schliefen feste," etc.

At which they all laughed, greatly to my confusion—all except the old lady in the big cap, who said:

"Don't frighten the child!—Come here, my son. Do you know who wrote the poem of the 'Lämmlein'?"

I had not the faintest idea, but hazarded: "Herr Bechstein; he wrote the book of fables, too."

"No, my child," said the old lady; "my brother, Frederick Schiller, wrote it. Did you never hear of Schiller?"

All the Schiller I had ever heard of was the one of plaster, that stood on the top of my father's writing-desk, and, as I was sure it was not he she meant, I sucked my finger and remained silent.

Thus began my acquaintance with Christophine Reinwald, *née* Schiller. I afterward saw her often, and was frequently at her house.

The Hofrathin, as she was always called, was very industrious, and, although at the time when I knew her, she was high up in the eighties, her hands were never idle; even when she had visitors, she would not lay her work aside. Her favorite occupation was painting, and, on the very morning of her death, she began a flower-piece. Her pictures are none of them above the ordinary in merit, although she undoubtedly possessed considerable natural talent for the art. She painted mostly flowers of very bright colors, but sometimes drew heads and scenes from the Bible. In these, however, she succeeded only in the expression of the faces: the drawing was always very faulty.

Her *aquarelles* were generally destined for presents; distinguished persons, who visited Schiller's sister, received one when they took leave. Her friends, and even the children who visited her, were often similarly honored.

The old lady's manner of living was very simple. On one occasion I went to see her with a lady, and we found her preparing her dinner. It consisted of baked potatoes and leeks. The lady expressed her surprise at the meagreness of the repast, but the Hofrathin laughed, and said:

"That is my favorite dish," and then she added: "My brother often did not have as much."

During the last years of her life she went out very rarely, and she was even compelled to discontinue her visits to her garden on the side of the mountain, some two miles from the town. The garden was quite spacious. There, under tall fir-trees, there stood, and still stands, a little rude summer-house, in which Schiller, in 1786, when on a visit to his brother-in-law, often spent his afternoons. On the wall, in the interior, there was the profile of a woman, drawn with a pencil. The sister was often asked if her brother drew the profile, but she knew neither who drew it nor whom it represented. This, however, did not prevent the subsequent owner of the property from cutting out the board on which was the crude sketch, putting an elegant frame around it, and exhibiting it as a Schiller relic. It is hardly necessary to add that this "relic" found a purchaser at a good round sum.

The Hofrathin must have spent many pleasant hours at this retreat, for many of her lyric poems were written here. These essays in the field of poetry she modestly allowed to remain in her portfolio, and yet they were by no means without merit.

In her modesty, she attributed all the attentions she received from her neighbors and strangers, high and low, to no merit of her own, but to her family name. And yet she was far from boasting of being the sister

of the great poet; on the contrary, she spoke rarely of her brother, although she almost deified him. It was with tears in her eyes that she read Laube's "Karlsschüler"—a popular German drama, of which Schiller is the hero—but she would never go to see the piece played. If, on the contrary, one of her brother's dramas was represented, she never failed to be at her place.

In the latter part of August, 1847, a few days before her ninetieth birthday, the amiable old lady became "a little indisposed," as she said.

"I will stay in bed for a couple of days," said she, "and all will be over." She was right, for in a very few days it was all over.

The funeral solemnities were celebrated with great pomp, for a town no larger than Meiningen, for the old Hofrathin had for many years been one of the most widely known and best beloved of its citizens.

On the hundredth birthday (1859) of the poet, the house in which the old lady lived and died, was gayly decorated, as was her final resting-place in the Meiningen cemetery.

When I, last autumn, visited her grave, it bore all the evidences of having been long neglected, but, on All-Saints' Day, a servant in livery hung a wreath on the plain cross, which bears the inscription, "Here rests Schiller's sister, Christophine Reinwald."

FRENCH BOYS.

THE average result of girl-making in France is to produce a somewhat ignorant, very prejudiced, charming young woman, susceptible of strong emotion and strong love, curious to see for herself what life is, eager to please and to win admiration and affection, but controlled, in nine cases out of ten, by deeply-rooted religious faith and a profound conviction of duty. If we admit that the great function of women is to create joy around us, to gild our lives, and to teach their girls to do the same, we ought to recognize that the French system attains its end. But if we insist that a mother has a nobler task than that—if we assert that her highest duty is to make her son a man—then we shall be forced to own that French mothers do not achieve their task.

Let us turn to the boys.

Wholesale definitions are not applicable to character. Description of human nature needs so many reservations, such careful coloring, so much and such varied shading, that it is impossible to bring it into a sentence or a word. It would therefore be, in principle, absurd as well as unjust to say that all French boys are sneaks; but so many of them are so, in the purest meaning of that abominable designation, that the most ardent friends of France are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the fact, and to own that the mass of the youngsters across the Channel come out frightfully badly when they are judged by our notions of what boys ought to be. Their meanness of nature is perhaps in part inherited, but it is, in a far greater degree, a consequence of education; it is unmistakably evident that most of it is produced by the defective teaching under which they live. The only boys in France who, as a rule, realize our notions of pluck and manliness, and honor, are the children of country gentlemen (of whom there are few enough), brought up to ride and shoot, to live out-of-doors, and to behave like men. The immense majority are indisputably little curs, funky, tale-tellers, and nasty. How can such boys ever grow into brave men? and yet they do, a good many of them, at least. Their defects can scarcely be attributed to the direct influence of their parents; for whereas most of the girls, in families of decent position, are brought up at home, the boys, almost without

exception, are sent to school. It is at school, it is from each other seemingly, that they pick up the sneaking little notions which are so universal among them. They make faces at each other, they kick, they slap; but, as for real hitting—as for defending a point of honor—as for hard, rough games, where force and skill are needed—who ever heard of such things in France? At school they are taught book-work, at home they are taught affection. They may become learned, and they do become affectionate; but, positively, they do not become what we mean by manly. The whole life of France is different from that of England. Wealth is distributed there with relative equality; there are few large fortunes. Boys are brought up almost exclusively for professions, trade, or government clerkships, with the prospect of having to live their lives out with insufficient incomes, and without ever tasting pleasures which cost money. The training which our boys need to fit them for the generally energetic occupations or pastimes of their after-life is unnecessary and unknown. We can pay for travel and for horses, for cricket, golf, and football, all which means money and leisure-time. The French have neither; at least, the exceptions are so few that they represent nothing in the mass. So, not wanting the preparation which makes men hard, and straight, and ready, they do not get it. Their education is intended to fit them for something else; and that something, whatever be its merits, appears to us to reach a lower standard than our own. And, furthermore, the French boy does not even attain the whole object of the education which he gets. He is particularly taught two things, by his mother at least—to love his family and to believe in God. He learns one of them, almost always, but he rarely learns the other. He remains, as a man, faithfully and profoundly attached to his parents and relations; but the religious faith, which was so carefully instilled into him, generally fades at his first contact with the world, and with it goes a goodly part of the other principles which were simultaneously set before him. In discussing the causes of the defeat of France, Europe has not attached sufficient importance to the effects produced by the education of the boys, to the utter want of stubborn pluck which characterizes it, and to the facility with which the higher moral teachings disappear when manhood comes. Here we seem to see that women do not suffice to make men. There have been, in history, some few examples of the contrary—the Gracchi, Constantine, St. Louis, were essentially their mother's work; but, in modern France, something more is wanted than a modern mother's love can give. The Frenchwoman of our day can make good girls into charming women, and good women too; but it looks as if she could not get beyond that relatively inferior result, and as if she were as unable as the school-masters to whom she confides her boy to lift that boy into a thorough man. In the higher classes, where tradition still exists, and where money is comparatively less important than in the middle and lower stages of society, we see models of gallant gentlemen; but they are not numerous. In the late war the great names of France were everywhere on the lists of killed and wounded; but, despite the example set by Luynes and Chevreuse, Mortemart and Tremouille, and a thousand others like them, France did not follow; the nation did not like it. Can we suppose from this that good blood replaces teaching? It looks almost as if it does, and yet it seems absurd to seriously put forward such an argument in these utilitarian days. The French, however, say themselves that "*bon sang ne peut mentir*;" and it may be that, in this particular point, they clearly recognize the truth as regards themselves. Any-

how, whatever be the influence of hereditary action in forming men, it can scarcely be denied that, be it money or be it race, it is in the upper ranks alone that, as a rule, boy character assumes a vigorous shape in France.

The boys are girlish—at least, no other adjective so correctly expresses their peculiar disposition. The word is not quite true, however, for the boys have defects which the girls have not. The latter are frank and straightforward; the former are not only feminine, they are something more and something worse. It is disagreeable to revert to the same word; but, as the thing expressed is rare in England, one word has been found sufficient in our language to express it, so we must perforce say "sneak" once more. And here is the great distinction between boys and girls which was alluded to at the commencement of this chapter. The girls, from their earliest childhood, give promise that they will turn out well, and will grow into what women should be everywhere, with an additional and special grace peculiar to themselves. The boys, on the contrary, are little-minded, pettifogging, and positively cowardly, as we understand cowardice in a boy. Until they can be changed, radically changed, there will be small hope of seeing France take her place once more among the nations. She will pay her debts, she will grow rich again; but, so long as her boys are not taught pluck, and honesty, and frankness, they will never grow into men capable of feeling and discharging the higher duties. Many of them may bud into surprisingly better form than their youth indicates as possible—we see that already; but such cases are not the rule; and want of religious faith, of political conviction, of resolute will, of devotion to a cause, will continue to mournfully distinguish the population of France so long as its boys continue to be sneaks.

Many of them, however, are agreeable enough to chatter with. They generally have good manners (they beat us there); they are almost always tender-hearted and loving—they are even tolerably obedient; and, judging solely from the outside, it may be imagined that they promise well. They are devoted sons and faithful brothers; they work hard at books; while they are little, they say their prayers; but there is no stuff in them. Discipline makes them brave if they should become soldiers; tradition does the same for the better born among them; but it is wonderful that such boys should have any latent courage at all, for their whole early teaching seems to us to be invented on purpose to drive it out. They are forbidden to fight, and scarcely ever get beyond scratching.—"*French Home Life*."

FRENCH GIRLS.

EVERY one will assent to the proposition that the most marked feature of the character of the French is the development of their emotional and sensational faculties. This development exists in both sexes, but is far more evident among the women than among the men; it acquires force with education, and is most glaringly conspicuous in the highest classes. Repression of manifestations of feeling forms no part of French teaching; on the contrary, those manifestations are regarded as natural and desirable. We therefore find that French mothers rather encourage their children, and especially their daughters, never to conceal the impressions which may agitate them, providing always that those impressions are honest and real, and are not of a nature to shock either *convenances* or principle. It follows that the impulses of children remain unchecked, that they rush into light directly they are felt, and that the influence of mothers and of governesses is employed to guide such impulses to

a faithful and graceful form of expression far more than to suppress, or even control them in themselves. There is a vast deal to be said in favor of this system. It stimulates individuality, it fortifies the affections, it develops sensibility in many of its varied forms. It has been applied for generations, and it has produced an hereditarily-acquired capacity of sentiment which, at this present time, is certainly greater than that possessed by any other nation. The range of this capacity is most extensive. It applies to almost every position and almost every accident of life, to art, and even to science; but its full effects, its full consequences, are naturally observed in the tenderer sympathies, in the emotions, and in the gentler duties which fall particularly on women. There is, in most Frenchwomen, a gushingness, an unrestrained outpouring of inner self, which is reproduced in their daughters as abundantly as in themselves. Girls, from their very babyhood, live side by side with demonstrative mothers, who show and say what they think and feel with a natural frankness of which they are scarcely conscious. The children not only inherit this disposition, but are aided to develop it in their own little hearts by example, contact, and advice. They are born impulsive. They are shown how to be so. They are told that, provided impulse be well expressed, and be directed to worthy objects, it is a source of joy, of tenderness, and of charm. The English theory is very contrary to this; but such matters are questions of race and of national habit. And, furthermore, if we are honest, we shall own that keen susceptibility of emotion is infinitely attractive in a true woman. Young French girls have it to an astonishing extent, particularly in the upper ranks. Their heads and hearts live in the open air; their natures are all outside. They have no place where they can hide away a thought from their mother's sight; it must come out. It is easy to understand, even at a distance, how this simplifies the guidance of a child. Its merits and its defects come right into its mother's hand. She has not got to hunt for them, and to doubt whether she sees the truth; it glares at her in the hundred little acts and words of her expansive girl. The French child wears no mask.

And the direct action of the mother becomes all the stronger from the almost universal custom of keeping her children with her day and night. Many a girl in France has never slept outside her mother's chamber until she leaves it to be married; and, at the worst, she is no farther off than the next room, with the door open between. Such unceasing neighborhood brings about an action which may be not only intellectual and moral, but possibly physical and magnetic too. The mother passes into the daughter, the daughter absorbs the mother—their essences get mixed; and hence it is that French women exercise such singular power over their girls, and that the girls so generally become an exact reproduction of the mother, under whose constant eye they have grown to womanhood. Between the transparent frankness of the child's nature and the indefatigable proximity of the parent, we get the explanation of the regular transmission of those types of character which seem to remain unvaried in so many French families of the upper class, and which may almost be said to belong to them as their names do. The same qualities and the same defects are reproduced among the old nobility from generation to generation. When a wife comes in from another origin, she may try perhaps to introduce new elements; but they get effaced, or, at all events, weakened, by the old traditions with which they have to contend; so that the main features of the house continue to be recognizable; the child appropriates them, and hands them on again when she, in

her turn, becomes a mother. This is, however, true only of the highest classes, where pride of race, and the supposed obligation to maintain preconceived notions, still exist with wonderful vigor. In the middle and lower stages of society no such religion can be found. There, the operation of modern leveling is seen in its fullest force; there, no ancestral theories compete with nineteenth-century tendencies; there, the modern woman and her modern child are fashioned as the modern man requires, but always, though in varying degrees, with emotional hearts and unchecked sympathies.

The general result is, that, wherever we look throughout France, in châteaux and in cottages, in the "hotels" of Paris, and in workmen's lodgings, we see the girl-children echoing their mothers, sometimes with absolute exactness, sometimes with merely approximate resemblance, but always with a sort of outbursting natural truth, which is singularly winning, and which inspires very thorough confidence in the honesty of their hearts. Such a beginning indicates pretty clearly that the girls will grow into women capable of feeling in most of its ardent shapes; and, though the tone of the society into which they may be thrown may deviate from their first track, and may make them worthless instead of worthy, they will none the less retain their early readiness of sensation, and their faculty of expressing it. If we look out of Paris, if we take the mass of the country population, we recognize that a very small minority of the girls grow up to abandon their first teaching; we see how difficult it is to eradicate the stamp which the mother puts upon her child; and we own that these Frenchwomen, according to their lights, know how to do their duty to their young. Europe, perhaps, does not believe one word of this; Europe measures France by the little that it sees of it, by a few hundred Parisiennes who stand forward in flagrant radiance, and who damage their country in the eyes of the entire world for the satisfaction of their own vanity. Those women are not France; those women's children are not real French children. The poor little creatures who are sent dressed up to the Tuilleries Gardens to play in public their mothers' parts are what travelers look at, and what they, not unnaturally, imagine to be the normal type; but the error is as great as to take coarse novels as the expression of national literature.—Furthermore, it should be remembered that, for the last thirty years, Paris has become the home of a large number of foreigners with money; and that a good many of the girls, who make a moralist mourn when he looks at them in the Champs Elysées, do not belong to France at all. The nation has faults enough, in all conscience; but it is not fair, either to attribute to it what it does not deserve, or to ascribe to the entire people the sins of a special few. If there be one undoubted, indisputable merit of a Frenchwoman, it is her devotion to her girls, and her resolute effort to keep them pure. The remarkable young person of ten that an Englishman contemplates with stupefaction under the chestnut-trees round the obelisk, and in whom he observes a variety of precocious defects, is no more a sample of real French children than a peacock is an ordinary specimen of birds, or the *Vie Parisienne*, an example of every-day newspapers. She is a product of the period, an accident of the epoch; she is not the representative of her country. She may or may not be as impudent as Gavroche, as diletta as Napoleon, and as bumptious as Louis XIV.—that depends on her temperament and her mamma; but, whatever be the degree of her premature fastness, she is but a member of a little tainted flock—she is not France. We find real France elsewhere.—*French Home Life.*"

A BUCOLIC HAVEN.

On a Sunday evening the Green Dragon does a roaring trade. Its great glass windows send sheets of light across the road, its pewter pots clink merrily, showers of coppers fall into its till, the ivory handles of its beer-engines are forever bobbing up and down. Demands rapidly succeed each other for "Another quarter of gin, hot," or "Just a two of rum;" the swing-doors bang to and fro without ceasing; the landlord and his pot-boy quite glow and glisten like their pewter; while the buxom hostess sups tranquilly with a select circle of cronies, among garlands of tankards in the inner room behind. Sunday evening and Monday morning are the busiest periods in the week for the Green Dragon, for over the bar of that enormous edifice—which looks for all the world like a flaunting, dissipated work-house, with a taste for Brummagem ornamentation—farmers, salesmen, and drovers, may be lodged and boarded by the day or week, and usually elect to be taken in and done for from the latter part of Sunday afternoon until about eleven o'clock on Monday morning.

The Green Dragon occupies an eligible situation in the immediate vicinity of the Great Cattle Market, away beyond the Brecknock, beloved of cabmen, in the wilds of Camdea Town, and hangs out all kinds of fascination in the shape of flaming announcements, in red and gold, offering Whitbread's superior three X's, cordial ginger-brandy, and cream-gin, combined with excellent beds, to such bucolic gentlemen as shall resist the blandishments of the Blue Boar, the Crown and Anchor, or the Pig and Shovel. In this age of progress bucolic gentlemen are not to be easily taken in; they have learned to temper their innocence with a little Cockney cunning, and so, knowing very well when they are well off, they turn not to the right hand or to the left, but chew their bit of straw, with nose pointed neutrally in mid-air, until they arrive at the Green Dragon, where they know that good accommodation is to be had for man as well as beast. And what better accommodation could heart of man desire, be he farmer, salesman, or licensed drover? Verily, in that great house there is space for all. There is a cozy back-room on the ground-floor nestling under the stairs, with clean sand in lieu of carpet, and squadrons of spittoons under the smoke-stained settles, where the farmer may disport himself, in company with his pipe, his hot gin, and his fellow-man; or dine or sup, at set times and seasons, upon samples of animals from over the way. There is a large apartment across the yard, not quite so clean, nor yet so trim in its arrangements, where the licensed drover may quaff his pint of ale, unstrap his numbered badge from off his arm, and fix a fresh nail of dreadful sharpness in his wooden rod. Upstairs there are acres of bedrooms, small, but very clean and neat, for the bucolic mind of upper class is very particular; is much too well accustomed to lavender-scented linen at home to brook metropolitan dirt and jaundiced surroundings, such as we grubbers get used to perforce in town. So, while the drover drinks his beer, cutting his hunch of bread and meat with his clasp-knife, his betters occupy a long table in the common room, making merry over ale and steaks, served on homely crockery, upon a coarse but unimpeachably snowy table-cloth.

On a certain Sunday evening I traveled to the Brecknock, and pattered through fast-falling rain past Blue-Boar Scylla and Pig-and-Shovel Charybdis, as far as the Green Dragon. Not a soul stirred without, not a sound was audible but monotonous drip. Even the street-lamps seemed to glimmer more feebly than their wont, while the half-

deserted neighborhood, with its brand-new houses, rising here and there out of white vapor, seemed, in the pervading darkness, some forgotten relics of a submerged town on the margin of the world. The Great Cattle Market, standing on its slope of hill, was a shining desert, a wilderness of tiny lakes, netted all over with a cobweb of empty pens surrounding a dark, shapeless spider with a tower on his back, from which, from time to time, clanged forth the hours, reverberating spectrally in the heavy, silent air. No living thing was moving. A superincumbent weight of drowsiness seemed to hang over every thing, crushing it into poppy-laden sleep, and yet, before dawn, the spot would be alive, teeming and seething with bustle and hurrying feet. It was strange to think upon. I found mine host of the Dragon rather gloomy, settling up his bar for a good evening's work. The potman sat on the floor among a heap of tankards as shiny as himself, scalding them in boiling water from a pail. The buxom hostess was busy in her sanctum, weighing out tobacco previous to screwing it up in small squares of paper. They took no notice of me, and I felt awe-struck at being thus, as it were, admitted behind the scenes. I felt inclined to seize a towel and dust the woodwork, or prepare to make myself generally useful, until the landlord, seeing me irresolute, and not recognizing in me the strong, useful lad advertised for on his window-pane, ushered me into the cozy parlor underneath the stairs.

"Nobody coming? Lord! yes, sir, lots. All my rooms up-stairs are taken; they'll drop in one by one as the evening wears, but, being such a bad night, they may be a bit later than usual. The bar closes at eleven, you know, being Sunday, and then they'll have their bit of supper in here before tumbling off to bed."

True enough, they did drop in one by one, all equally soaking, all their boots squelching equally like sponges, all sprinkling water-spouts from off their hats upon the floor, all disseminating a similarly odorous vapor of mouldy cheese and rotten hay.

Everybody seemed to know everybody else, as indeed, of course, they did, being for the most part regular weekly visitors. They talked about the weather, discussed possible breaking of the clouds, compared notes of crops, inquired into missus's health at home, divulged with mysterious circumlocution dread secrets about the morrow's sale, and finally, shouting out for Joe the pot-boy, ordered that industrious youth straightway to fetch their slippers. Their conversation wore a bewilderingly algebraic aspect, made up as it was of "twenty-fives," and "thirties," and "foreigners," which I afterward discovered to refer to beeves of different value, and to foreign cattle. One old gentleman appeared by common consent the father of the flock, everybody hanging on his words whenever he chose to speak, which was so very seldom that his sentiments might have been jewels of price, he was so chary of them. Strange to say, his name was Christmas, and I could not help thinking that, with his long white beard and venerable aspect, he must, indeed, be the original Father, come before his time.

Eleven o'clock. Time to shut up shop and prepare for supper. Having no slippers, and no interest in "foreigners," except in the form of beef, I migrated across the yard into the drovers' den. Very few were there, most of their number having gone into the country to drive up cattle for the market; such as there were lay snoring in a poisonous atmosphere on frowzy rugs, or devouring chunks of meat or cheese, a melancholy spectacle of degraded human nature. Dirty, sodden, neglected mortals were these, God's image wellnigh wiped away from their low, receding brows and heavy, hanging under jaws; al-

ready half transformed to beasts in awful retribution for their daily harrying and bullying of animals. The room presented a whimsical likeness to the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens, minus its plants, its tasty floral arrangements, and its fresh air. The palm for intelligence, too, must certainly be awarded to the monkeys, who are certainly superior to the drovers in the matter of language. Otherwise the resemblance was strong, two or three lying together in heaps, coiled head on shoulder, one or two mumbling to themselves, others champing food. One almost expected to see them jump up with a scream, perform a trapeze movement, and hang head downward by their tails. But, as they didn't, and no window was open, I returned to supper, where by this time the bucolic gentlemen were getting through quantities of steak, and comparing notes about lumbago. Twelve o'clock! High time to go to bed, considering that market was to be in full swing by five. Good-night, gentlemen, pleasant dreams.—*All the Year Round.*

SARDOU'S REMINISCENCES.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

VICTORIEN SARDOU has published, in Paris, the first volume of his "Reminiscences of a French Author" (*Réminiscences d'un Auteur français*). The book treats of the early years of the famous dramatist, and is written in the vivacious style which characterizes the conversations in his plays. He says that his first inclination for dramatic writing arose in 1846, when he was a "free scholar" at the Sainte-Barbe College, in Paris. He had been invited to a young-folks' party, and they desired to perform some amateur theatricals. Victorien Sardou was requested to write a play for the volunteer actors. He composed the "Fête des Roses," in three acts. The effort proved an utter failure—so much so, indeed, that the young actors and actresses refused to play it. This ill-success stimulated the young dramatist to redoubled efforts. He wrote a comedy entitled "La Comtesse de Rivy," and carried it with a throbbing heart to M. Dinain, manager and proprietor of a popular theatre in the suburb of Belleville. M. Dinain glanced over the ponderous manuscript a few minutes, and then, looking at the youthful author, asked him if he was the author. Victorien, blushing, answered in the affirmative.

"How old are you?" asked the manager, satirically.

"Seventeen years," said Sardou.

"Come back when you are ten years older, *mon enfant*," rejoined M. Dinain, "we do not play children's works."

Sardou says that he was so furious, in consequence of this rude repulse, that he could neither eat nor sleep for several days. He mentions, as a curious retribution, that, when he had acquired fortune and fame, he rejected an advantageous offer for one of his most celebrated plays from the same M. Dinain, who meanwhile had become manager of the Gymnase Théâtre, in Paris, and who, in consequence of not securing this play, failed in business.

In 1847 Louis Philippe was at an examination of the pupils in the first class of the Sainte-Barbe College. The king addressed a few words to each of the scholars. To the blushing Sardou he said: "How old are you, my boy?"

When Sardou had answered the question, the old king muttered, between his teeth: "What a small head he has for his age!"

Sardou is sincere enough to acknowledge that this remark of the king's cut him to the quick. Was it in consequence of this that we find the youth, in February, 1848, fighting on the barricades against the king?

"It was in the Rue Honoré," writes Sardou, "early in the morning of February 24, 1848. I fought against some troops of the line, together with twelve or thirteen fellow-students of mine. Our barricade afforded us capital protection, so that the soldiers could do us very little harm. They fired seemingly at random. Not one of us was injured. But we fired still worse, and that was no wonder; probably none of my fellow-students had ever fired a gun. I myself hardly knew how to load my rifle—an old weapon which, whenever it went off, knocked me violently on the right cheek. Next day my face was swollen as if I had had the toothache. Nevertheless, we held our ground bravely; and, two days afterward, I was made a lieutenant in the Students' Legion. My friends asked me to apply for the cross of the Legion of Honor. This I did not venture to do."

The next two years Victorien Sardou spent in a garret in the Quartier Latin. He was studying law, but wrote more verses and novels than legal matter. In this manner he eked out a scanty livelihood. First-class papers always refused to accept any articles from him. Émile de Girardin sent him back an essay, with these words: "My dear sir, cut down two-thirds of this article, and then it may do. But your style is too turgid. Study what Victor Hugo writes about the *antithèse*."

When Sardou had afterward become famous, one of Girardin's plays was submitted to him for an opinion. He was malicious enough to write under it a copy of the great journalist's old letter to him. This made Girardin furious, and he never allowed a favorable criticism to appear in his paper on any of Sardou's productions.

As for Sardou's plays in that period, they were invariably unsuccessful; that is to say, they were almost uniformly rejected by theatrical managers. In 1850 he took a solemn oath never to write any more dramatic matter. This oath he kept for two years; a celebrated actress, who took a great interest in the young author, encouraged him to try again.

During the whole of that time he was almost abjectly poor. Some extracts from his diary are given in the book:

"June 2, 1850.—Received ten francs from M. Millaud, of the *Petit Journal*. On this I resolved to live for one week.

"June 19th.—No warm meals since day before yesterday; my purse down to one franc. Bread-and-water diet, but good health.

"September 4th.—Bought a copy of Shakespeare's 'Othello' for ten centimes. Must learn English, to read Shakespeare. The translations are shocking.

"November 2d.—A great good fortune! One hundred francs from *Le Petit Journal*!"

In 1851 his dramatic successes began; but, at first, there was nothing very extraordinary in these successes. Indeed, he sold the copyright of his "Vesta," a comedy which had been well received, for two hundred and fifty francs.

Politically, he was at that time a red republican, and the police had an eye upon him; in consequence of which, after the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, he hid in a cellar for several days, in order not to be summarily transported to Cayenne, like so many other young students that were hostile to Louis Napoleon.

There is a gap of four years (1852–1856) in the "Reminiscences." In the last-named year the author was already on the high-road to success. He had, at that time, a secured income of from five to ten thousand francs. He thought he was very rich; but not rich enough, in his opinion, to get married yet. He had already been introduced to the emperor and empress, and had become, from an adherent of Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin, a

full-blown imperialist. He excuses himself for this sudden change of politics by saying that he had really believed Louis Napoleon would inaugurate, for arts and sciences in France, another era like that of Louis XIV. However, the emperor he never liked, and he avoided as much as possible going to the Tuileries. "The empress is charming in her *naïveté* and beauty," he writes, in 1858, "but she has evidently read but very little. I conversed with her last night, and really did not know what to talk about with her. Of literature she has no knowledge at all, and I believe she could not tell the century in which Racine and Corneille lived."

CASTLE OF HOHENSCHWANGAU.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

In Southern Germany, so rich in beautiful scenery, there are few lovelier landscapes than those in which the Highlands of Bavaria abound. While they do not present the bold aspect of the Alps of the Tyrol and of Switzerland, nor the varied aspect of the Salzburg district, there are among them so many delightful and romantic spots that they have become a favorite resort of the landscape-painters of Germany and Austria. But the crown of them all, the paradise of the Bavarian Highlands, is the famous Castle of Hohenschwangau. Nature and art have combined to make this famous country-seat of the present King of Bavaria one of the most picturesque places in any part of the world. The silent charms of forests not too sombre surround it; its pinnacles and turrets are reflected in two small lakes of unfathomable depth, yet of wondrous transparency; and the castle itself has been restored by the hands of skillful architects in so perfect a manner that in its appearance are blended now the grandeur of mediæval and the gracefulness of modern architecture. The lover of archeology will find at Hohenschwangau reminiscences of some of the most stirring and momentous periods of the Old World. It always was a favorite seat of the great house of the Hohenstaufen, and here, on a lovely summer evening, young Conradin, the last of that family, received the blessings of his devoted mother prior to his departure for that fatal Italian expedition which, in the course of a few weeks, led him to a Neapolitan scaffold.

Conradin's death seemed also to give the death-blow to the favorite castle of his house. Hohenschwangau fell into decay. The castle seemed haunted by the shadows of the great dead, and for nearly four centuries the romantic and historical spot, despite its lovely surroundings, could tell only by its crumbling ruins what it had been in past ages. During all that time few people visited it; but poets and romancers handed down its memories from age to age. They sung of Lohengrin and the beautiful Elsa, who had met at the smaller of the two lakes near Hohenschwangau; of the first two imperial Fredericks, Barbarossa and the great Ghibelline leader, who had spent there delightful hours; of Conradin and the setting of the Hohenstaufen sun; and of the visions which people of ardent imaginations had had there, time and again, from centuries long gone by.

It was not until the art-loving dynasty of the Wittelsbachs acquired the Bavarian throne once more that plans for the restoration of the Hohenschwangau Castle began to be formed. King Louis I. made frequent excursions thither, accompanied by Moritz von Schwind; and the great artist and his royal admirer would lie on fine summer days on one of the beautiful slopes of Hohenschwangau, and would converse about the manner in which the ruins might be restored so as to become habitable for the Wittelsbach family. But nothing was done in this respect until

King Maximilian ascended the Bavarian throne. He was a man of retiring habits, a lover of Nature, and a true connoisseur of art. One of his first acts after his accession to the throne was to give orders for the restoration of Hohenschwangau. Nearly eight hundred thousand dollars were spent for this purpose; the ablest architects, sculptors, and painters of Munich were employed to help in the resuscitation; and at length, in 1865, after seven years of patient toil, the great work was completed.

If the castle, after its renovation, is a model of beautiful architecture, the artistic decorations of its interior will alone amply repay a visit to it. The castle is divided into a number of large apartments, which are frescoed so as to reproduce the various epochs of the history of the Hohenstaufens. The first hall is called the Lohengrin Room, and there you find splendid wall-paintings of that beautiful legend which is familiar to so many of our readers from Richard Wagner's famous opera. The next hall gives a pictorial account of Barbarossa; then follow the halls of Frederick II., King Enzo, and Conradin.

When King Maximilian, who had spent most of his time at this beautiful retreat, died in 1864, his eccentric young son, Louis II., succeeded him. He was entirely different from his father in every respect, but, like him, he passionately loved Hohenschwangau. He made the castle his permanent residence, and paid only at rare intervals reluctant visits to his sumptuous palace at Munich. He did more. With his strange fancies, which to many are a psychological problem difficult to solve, he made certain improvements, which are certain to make the old castle, as well as the new one (for King Louis II. has commenced constructing a second castle on the lower peak) two of the wonders of the nineteenth century. Visitors are rarely admitted to Hohenschwangau, unless they are armed with letters of introduction from one of the favorite authors or composers of the king; and hence very little is known about the improvements that have been made during the last few years; but it is reported that the king has caused certain passages to be made in all parts of the castle that will enable him to ride in his gala-carriage even to the uppermost walls. This undertaking is said to have caused an expenditure of not less than a million florins; and it is asserted that nothing equal to it exists in any building in the Old World. But, perhaps, still more wonderful are the Hanging Gardens. They are an imitation of what, under Queen Semiramis, was one of the wonders of the ancient world. The ablest philologists of Bavaria have been called upon to draw up the plans for this curious undertaking, and the best landscape-gardeners of Europe have been intrusted with carrying them into execution. There King Louis, who shuns society, spends most of his time on fine days. The new castle is not yet completed, but it promises to be a magnificent structure.

AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANZ LISZT.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

At the request of the Burgomaster of Vienna I called, the day before yesterday, upon Franz Liszt, the virtuoso and composer, to request his participation in the series of concerts which the Imperial government and the municipality of the capital have arranged for the benefit of the suffering mechanics of Vienna.

I found the illustrious man at the Hôtel d'Etienne, in Pesth. I was shown up to his room, on the third floor of the hotel, and was surprised alike at the appearance of the apartment and the man. First, about the room: a very simple bedstead, a magnificent crucifix

above it, a bureau, and three pianos (one of which, a so-called *pianino*, of American manufacture), a washstand, a small clothes-press, a few books and newspapers, stacks of music-books, and you have the place where Liszt has sojourned for nearly five weeks past.

As to himself, he looks leaner and drier than ever; but the clerical habit adds to the remarkable expression of his head, which Peter von Cornelius, years ago, said was one of the finest the Almighty had ever placed upon mortal shoulders.

His voice is musical and seductive. "What had I come for?"

"On a mission of charity."

"He was not rich, but would certainly give."

"It is not money that I come for, but your coöperation," I said, "in a truly benevolent enterprise."

He slightly knit his brow. I handed him my letter from the burgomaster. Liszt's face brightened at once.

"With pleasure, with pleasure," he said, motioning to me to take a seat. "But," he added, archly, "are you and your friends quite sure that I will still 'draw'?"

"Like a magnet, as always," I replied, enthusiastically.

"A magnet, by age," he retorted, "often-times loses its power."

"May I tell you, illustrious composer," I ventured to say, "that the simile is not good? Liken yourself rather to generous wine, which gains in strength and value as it grows older."

"Ah, I see, you can turn a compliment splendidly," said the abbé, laughing; "but your parallel is faulty. Don't you know that old men's fingers get stiff? And what is a pianist with stiff fingers?"

This sally I also managed to parry, and I clinched every thing by asking the abbé to give me a written letter of acceptance. Here is what he wrote:

"PESTH, November 20, 1872.

"MR. BURGOMASTER: I will play for you every evening, as requested, and I inclose fifty florins as my contribution to your laudable enterprise. May God bless it!"

"FRANZ LISZT."

"But what shall I play at the concerts?" he then asked me.

"What you choose, of course," I answered.

"But I play, nowadays, only compositions by Wagner, Schumann, and myself," he suggested, thoughtfully.

"There are none more popular," I replied.

This answer made him laugh. "You do not know what people in Paris think about that," he said. "Still, it is my rule not to play any thing else."

I bowed in silence, and received from him a fifty-florin note. As he opened his pocket-book, I noticed that it contained two more bills of the same denomination. Liszt really is not rich, but it is his rule to spend one-third of his income for charitable purposes.

He asked who else would play at the proposed concerts.

"When Liszt plays the piano at a concert," I answered, "who else would dare to do so?"

"Excuse me," he answered, laughing.

"There you are certainly mistaken. One day I played the organ at Notre-Dame, in Paris. The organist, who did not know me, looked at me in surprise; and, when I did not stop, said to me, curtly: 'Monsieur, are you aware that we do not allow any amateur to touch these keys?' Of course, I stopped. The good man never found out who I was."

"But the Viennese," I said, "know and love you."

"Oh, yes," he rejoined, pleasantly, "they were the first to encourage me. Forty-three years ago I gave my first concert in Vienna.

The applause I received did me a great deal of good in every respect. It gave me faith in my mission."

All this was said in so simple and good-natured a manner that I could not help admiring the great old man more and more.

I departed with thanks for his kindness, and Liszt dismissed me with these words:

"I hope the charitable Viennese will fill the hall to overflowing every night of those concerts."—*Vienna Evening Post.*

BOBBY'S TROUSERS.

It is not wise to do or say any thing to a child under an injunction not to tell. Here is a story in point, which was reported to me from the ladies at Fingask, Perthshire (1853). A Highland family of some dignity, but not much means, was to receive a visit from some English relations for the first time. Great was the anxiety and great the efforts to make things wear a respectable appearance before these assumedly-fastidious strangers. The lady had contrived to get up a pretty good dinner; but, either from an indulgent disposition, or from some defect in her set of servants, she allowed her son Bobby, a little boy, to be present, instead of remanding him to the nursery. But little was she aware of Bobby's power of torture.

Bobby, who was dressed in a new jacket and a pair of buff-colored trousers, had previously received strict injunctions to sit at table quietly, and on no account to join in conversation. For a little while he carried out these instructions by sitting perfectly quiet till the last guest had been helped to soup, whereupon, during a slight lull in the general conversation, Bobby quietly said:

"I want some soup, mamma."

"You can't be allowed to have any soup, Bobby. You must not be always asking for things."

"If you don't give me some soup immediately, I'll tell you!"

The lady seemed a little troubled, and, instead of sending Bobby out of the room, quietly yielded to his demand. Soup being removed, and fish introduced, there was a fresh demand.

"Mamma, I want some sea-fish" (a rarity in the Highlands).

"Bobby," said the mother, "you are very forward. You can't get any fish. You must sit quietly, and not trouble us so much."

"Well, mamma, if I don't get some fish, mind I'll tell you!"

"O Bobby, you're a plague!" and then she gave him the fish.

A little further on in the dinner, Bobby, observing his papa and the guests taking wine, was pleased to break in once more.

"Papa, I would like a glass of wine!"

By this time, as might well be supposed, the attention of the company had been pretty fully drawn to Bobby, about whom, in all probability, there prevailed but one opinion. The father was irritated at the incident.

"Bobby, you must be quiet; you can have no wine."

"Well, papa, if I don't get some wine, mind I'll tell you!"

"You rascal, you shall have no wine!"

"You had better do it," answered Bobby, firmly. "Once, twice—will you give me the wine? Come, now, mind I'll tell you! Once, twice—"

The father looked canes and lashes at his progeny. Bobby, however, was not to be daunted.

"Here goes now! Once, twice—will you do it? Once, twice, thrice! My trousers were made out of mother's old window-blinds!"

Stiff English party dissolves in unconstrained merriment.—*Dr. Robert Chambers's "Scrap-Book."*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE has been lecturing in England on the novel, in his comments defending the ordinary English theory that a work of fiction should enforce a moral. The French, our readers are aware, consider the novel a work of art simply, and as such has no mission to preach a sermon or illustrate a text.

Notwithstanding the high authority of Mr. Trollope, and the very general support his view of the question has both in England and America—a support that, even when not actively given, is yielded by a general tacit assent—we, for our part, are inclined to accept the French theory as founded upon a better perception of the real purpose of imaginative literature.

It must be understood that, in making this assertion, we do not mean in any way whatever to justify or defend immorality in literature. It ought to be unnecessary to say this, but, in order that no possible misconception may arise, we here set it down. While it may not be necessary for a novel to involve a moral lesson in its story, this does not permit the author to involve an immoral one in it. While he need not parade the decalogue, he must be sure and not defy the decalogue. His position toward morals is simply a neutral one. It is here the French novelists have erred. They have taken the strange ground that, inasmuch as art does not require them to parade virtue, it gives them full license to advocate vice.

Now, this mistake on the part of French writers, and the error prevailing in our own literary canons, have arisen largely, we think, from an imperfect classification. The terms moral and immoral inadequately meet the distinctions that arise in this matter. We shall find that we will have a clearer conception of the question if we divide the novel into the *didactic*, the *moral*, and the *immoral*. The didactic novel is one written to enforce some law of morals or principle of action. The immoral novel either renders vice captivating or produces in the mind of the reader unhealthy sentiments. That is an immoral novel that weakens our hold on goodness and virtue in whatever way, whether directly or indirectly, it may produce this result. The moral novel, as here classified, is simply not immoral. It is a work of art justified by the principles that justify all art—the faculty of giving pleasure. If a true and worthy work of art, it expands and elevates the imagination; it fills the mind with charming ideas and images; it broadens our sympathies and enlarges our knowledge and appreciation of men and women. In these things its influence is moral because it is wholesome, and this is just as far as the novel, considered from the art view, has any occasion to consider mere ethics at all.

If our readers question this, let them con-

sider the matter as applied to other arts. We require of the painter that he shall not paint impure or immorally suggestive pictures. We ask of him nothing more. We derive pleasure from his landscapes, without asking that his hills and skies shall embody some covert law of virtue. We are charmed by well-painted groups of men and women, but as well-painted men and women their mission is complete. Truth, and charity, and honesty, and benevolence, are great virtues, but what has Meissonier to do with these when he simply wants to elaborate with great care a group of chess-players? And what has Mr. Trollope to do with them, when his aim is simply to give us a flesh-and-blood picture of some English girl and her lover? Mr. Trollope's charming scenes of English life have indirectly a very decided good influence in holding up pleasing pictures of worthy people—so far all art is moral. But Mr. Trollope says that involved in these pictures there must be a lesson, a principle, a purpose, illustrating some canon of virtue—and in this we say that Mr. Trollope is wrong, and the French right. It might just as well be claimed that a vase must have wise axioms engraved upon it, or that a bronze figure should embody a text from Scripture, or that a painting of Niagara should have a "moral" attached somewhere to the canvas. Art is sufficient for itself and in itself. It has no need to apologize for its existence, or to justify its right to delineate by assuming that it ought also to preach.

The didactic novel is often little more than an impertinence. A novel is a picture of manners. It is a history of life. It is a portrait-gallery of men and women. It is quite impossible that the doings of these men and women should not in some indirect way illustrate principles and virtues; but the writer who shapes their imaginary histories in order to expound the decalogue, thrusts upon his readers advice and admonition in a fashion that the true art-lover is prone to resent. Men and women are quite as worthy of study as moral axioms, and the novelist who contents himself in delineating human nature, in drawing accurate pictures of character, in analyzing motives and depicting sensations, in illustrating manners and inventing felicitous incidents, does all that art or morals require of him.

A great deal could be said in showing how the novel might be lifted to a higher plane—that is, how whatever is unwholesome and hurtful in it might be replaced by sweet and noble pictures of life. But this end can never be attained by assuming for it a didactic purpose; it can be reached only by comprehending that art, in its best form, is designed simply to give a high kind of pleasure, to cultivate the imagination, and the taste, and the whole æsthetic nature; and to this end the novel is eminently calculated to render great service.

— "You cannot teach old dogs new tricks," is a homely way of illustrating the difficulty of eradicating the old-time notions and prejudices of men; and, as the nation is but an aggregate of individuals, we see the same difficulty in eradicating national prejudice and national foginess. Of the former, a good example is presented in the wide-spread English notion, inherited for generations, and transmitted to us as their descendants, that the French are "a nation of dancing-masters," and the Dutch are a heavy and stupid people.

Now, whoever has traveled in Holland must have been struck with the fact that the Dutch are a nation of high heads and pointed chins—characteristics that can never be truthfully associated with heaviness or slowness of thought. Of course, in such a generalization, the drudges of the community, wretched women who tug boats, and men who bear heavy burdens all their lives, are left out of the question. Drudgery degrades always, just as invariably as agreeable, diversified labor ennobles. Remembering how truly national this notion of Dutch heaviness is among the English people, and at the same time how utterly unjust it is, we are willing to accept, without elaborate investigation, the oft-made statement that this prejudice dates from the time that Admiral Van Tromp sailed up the Thames with a broom at his mast-head, with the rather swaggering avowal that he intended to sweep the English from the sea. As this was in 1652, just after his victories over Admiral Blake, it may indeed be true that the national prejudice in question can be traced to the wounded vanity or pride of that time.

We have outgrown the childish or savage era of social development when the word for stranger was synonymous with that of enemy, and also that stage when there was a wide-spread conviction that foreigners must of necessity be in some way inferior. We find the relics of this sentiment now only in barbarians and children, to whom the sound of a foreign tongue is a subject of merriment; but still we have not outgrown the habit of perpetuating national fallacies and absurd notions, accepting them without question, because people generally so accept them. There cannot be much doubt that, were we to ask a thousand average Americans to-day, "Which are the more practical people, the English or French?" the answer would be almost unanimous, "The English." And yet, there is probably no civilized people on the globe more unpractical than the English. In a recent lecture, by Professor Vogt, on "Man," he says: "The great reputation of the English as a practical people rests on as small a foundation as that of any other flattery, and it is precisely the things of common life that prove this most evidently. During the Crimean War we saw the stiff and formal English perish from frost and hunger, though

they had abundant provisions at a short distance; while the more handy French, with much scantier material at their command, contrived to make themselves exceedingly comfortable. It is just the same in social life. There is not a more senseless metrical and monetary system than that of the English. Without calculation, you cannot reduce lines to inches and inches to feet. The foot has no definite relation to the mile, nor the latter to the degree of longitude. Pounds, ounces, and scruples, vary for different objects. . . . How simple, compared with all this, is the French system! How easily it is applied in making calculations, and in noting the results! The financial unit of Great Britain is the pound, and yet there is no coin representing it. They have the gold half-pound, or ten shillings, and the next is the guinea, or twenty-one shillings. This seems very odd to the American in England, who finds great difficulty in calculating its cumbrous currency, especially if he has first visited France, where the decimal system is reduced to absolute perfection throughout, as it is with us in our currency.

The want of practical common-sense in the English is nowhere shown more strikingly than on the Thames steamboats. There you see the captain, in all weathers, promenading the ship's "bridge," and singing out his orders to a boy below, who, in his turn, repeats them to the engineer. Instead of a system of quiet, unerring signals, your ear is constantly annoyed by the boy's shrill voice—"Back her! Ease her! Stop her!" etc.; the captain at the same time gives his orders to the helmsman or tiller by raising the right or left arm. Again, on railroads: the engineer has a screen in front of him through which he looks ahead; but there is no other protection right, left, or overhead, and doubtless the screen would be dispensed with, but that no mortal could stand before a wind-force augmented by being met at the speed of forty or fifty miles an hour. Some eight years ago, when Mr. Brooks was murdered in a first-class railroad-car in England, there was a spasmodic protest among the people against being locked in those small cars, completely at the mercy of any cut-throat who might have secured one of the eight seats they contain. Some one in the *London Times* naturally suggested the adoption of the American railway-carriage; and among the most potent objections was that presented by a board of railroad managers—that if there was a bell-rope in each car, the passengers would be continually stopping the train! Still, such weak distrust of the general good sense and decency of the people, is common enough in our own country, as was shown in the opposition to the introduction of postal-cards, on the ground that some people would use them to send insulting or other objectionable messages through the mail, forgetting that those so disposed could write such messages equal-

ly well on the outside of any letter envelope.

Among the absurd conventional customs of England, none is more striking to the foreigner than the regular organized search for Guy Fawkes through the Houses of Parliament, repeated every 5th day of November since the historical Guy, two hundred and sixty years ago, attempted the famous "gun-powder plot;" but this is a mere form, and laughable even to the English themselves, though it does seem to militate against their reputation as the most practical people under the sun. In this connection perhaps it is no more than fair to mention that a late United States Congress abolished the office of "Guardian of the Tomb;" an utter sinecure even from the day of its creation, though filled by a succession of salaried functionaries in Washington ever since! This seems too absurd for belief; but it has been repeated so often by congressmen themselves, and by reporters, that the people will accept it as true, at least until officially contradicted.

There is one other very significant instance of the lack of shrewd practical sense among Englishmen, given in detail in Frederick Martin's work on banks (London, 1865). This author says, speaking of a clause "in the statute of the sixth of Anne," forbidding the establishment of joint-stock banks of issue: "This clause acted as a bar to joint-stock banking in England for more than a century. It took one hundred and twenty years to discover that the act only interdicted joint-stock banks of issue, and had no effect upon banks of deposit. The fact that it should have been overlooked for so long a time, is one of the most singular illustrations of the tendency of mankind to take things upon trust without inquiry and original investigation. An error, in its consequences of immense importance to the commercial classes of a great country, was repeated from generation to generation without any contradiction whatever." . . . The people actually believed in the "existence of a huge monopoly, which the most cursory examination would have been able to destroy."

— It is fancied by many people that Paris is the most profusely hospitable of all cities; that her latch-string is out for everybody to freely pull and enter; that she is proud of being a hostess beloved of all the world. This idea has gained ground, in a large measure, from the habit of Frenchmen of forever praising the splendor of her welcome and the generosity of her provisions of entertainment. When the Emperor William, after being lodged in great state at the Tuilleries during the Exposition of 1867, had the audacity to enter the begrimed and battered streets of Paris as its conqueror, the French papers cried out that it was a most ungrateful violation of the rules of hospitality. The plain fact is, however—and those

who have most often visited Paris best know it—that Paris is the most expensive place in the world to her guests. The visitor there is confronted with the longest bills, the most ingenious inventions for getting his money, the widest differences in the prices of goods charged to the natives and to strangers, and the most persistent begging under soft and polite forms, that he meets with on the Continent. The last exhibition of what may not unjustly be called the Parisian traffic in hospitality, is the proposal of a member of the City Council to levy a tax upon all foreigners who enter the charmed circle of its authority. The tax, indeed, is to be a small one; if M. Roudelet's motion is carried, it will only cost a matter of four cents a day to sojourn in the siren of cities. But Paris cannot have her cake and eat it; and if, in addition to the general though tacit conspiracy of her tradespeople, to squeeze the human oranges as dry as possible which come in their way, she becomes a municipal landlady, at four sous a day, it will be as well to be modestly silent hereafter on the subject of hospitality.

— It has recently been remarked, in connection with the death of Thomas Baring, that the Baring family have owed their great success to the habit of "sticking together." It used to be a saying among shrewd old business-men, that it was better to enter into partnership with almost any one rather than with a relative. On what mass of accumulated wisdom this dictum was founded, we do not know, but the facts under ordinary observation would seem to indicate a very different conclusion. There are the Rothschilds, whose success has been largely based upon family union; the Barings, already mentioned; the brothers Lawrence, famous merchants of Boston; Brown Brothers, the well-known bankers of New York; the brothers Stuart, the wealthy sugar-refiners; Harper Brothers, publishers, of New York; the brothers Chambers, publishers, at Edinburgh; and many others. In fact, if it were not that the record of failures is inaccessible, we should claim these citations to prove that family connection in business almost gives assurance of success. If the instances we have quoted are not satisfactory to the reader, he is at liberty to add another very distinguished firm to the list—Cheeryble Brothers!

— Dr. Clark's book, on "Sex in Education," has exasperated not a few of those who insist that women may do all things that men can do. Among some of the arguments advanced by these contestants in opposition to Dr. Clark's conclusions, are several in which it is insisted that Dr. Clark should also write manuals upon "Sex in Workshops," "Sex in Clerkship," "Sex in Sewing," etc. Dr. Clark confined his attention mainly to the question of coeducation, because here identity of nature between the sexes is assumed, while in other fields distinction of sex is very commonly recognized—not always, of course; and quite too rarely are the peculiar physiological conditions of women recognized in her tasks—whether they be of the shop, the factory, the store, the sewing-machine, or the household. We may claim for ourselves, at

least, entire consistency in this matter, inasmuch as more than once we have asserted in these pages the right of women to rest. Household labor is often far too severe, but it is diversified, and, while it fatigues, does not commonly tax the nervous power. Women in factories work too much, but even here the labor is principally manual, and does not wear upon the nerves. Women as clerks are tasked quite beyond their strength, and we have more than once urged a reform in the treatment of this class. A few weeks since we walked through a large fancy bazaar up-town where there are several hundred young girls employed as clerks, and were painfully impressed by their worn and haggard looks. Women-clerks ought to form a protective union, and declare in their bill of rights that the unrelieved standing position exacted of them is a cruel outrage, to which they will not submit. It is unfortunate that women are compelled to take up exhausting tasks of any kind, but, as necessity compels them to do so, a humane consideration ought to animate those who employ them.

Literary.

THE publication of an American edition of Mr. Tylor's "Primitive Culture" will, we earnestly hope, give a very wide general circulation to a book which is worthy of the closest attention and the high esteem of every thoughtful investigator. It would be difficult to praise certain features of this work too highly. A model of clear exposition, there is nothing in its composition and method which, as is too often the case, diminishes the interest of the reader by an appearance of pedantry, or shakes his confidence in the candor of the author by any spirit of polemic dogmatism. Regarded simply in the light of a literary production, the book is almost perfect; and we have dwelt thus upon this part of the author's work because the characteristics we have named are so rare as to be especially noticeable, and because we are sure that to many, as to us, they will be the means of almost imperceptibly fixing the attention upon the intensely interesting subject of Mr. Tylor's research, with a positive fascination that has not been felt before in the pursuit of similar investigations. Of what concerns the scholarly portion of the book, we must of necessity speak very briefly, though such has been the earnest interest aroused in us by many of Mr. Tylor's facts and deductions, that we would gladly write of them at great length. The candor and the philosophic spirit of his studies are noteworthy at every point; yet there is none of that vagueness which, after argument has destroyed certain existing theories, leaves the reader with the feeling that nothing more satisfactory and more certain has been built up in their place. In following out his deductions of laws of development in culture, from facts which are the results of an almost universal study, there is nothing of the spirit of a man who is riding a hobby; but there are placed before us the honest reasons which will convince those who are to be convinced, in a way that leaves no lingering doubt, save that wish to investigate further, which marks the healthiest state of a truth-seeker's mind. (Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., publishers.)

"Joseph the Jew" is a recent anonymous novel, published in the Messrs. Harpers' col-

lection. It is extremely crude, but now and then, among much that is trashy, there appears in it a hint of strength which makes us hope that the author is capable of better things. The mystery is very clumsily managed throughout, and whatever success has been achieved in the book has been in the realistic passages, some of which are not bad. We cannot rid ourselves of the impression that the author of the novel meant to make an altogether different story of it when he began, but that he found "Joseph the Jew" a character who was somewhat *de trop*, and so killed him with a commendable wish to have him out of the way at the start. This appears to have led to his transferring the action of the story into a healthier atmosphere of daylight, and ridding it of Bernardos, crucifixes, Minorcans, revengeful conspirators, and other puerile accessories, a course upon which we heartily congratulate him, though his apparently sudden change of plan leaves us with several characters in an embarrassing position—having nothing more to do in the story, yet not so easily killed as Joseph. This puzzle is solved, however, by the highly-artistic method of forgetting them, and letting them drop altogether without a word of explanation.

There may be said to be a pleasant lull, just now, in the storm of novels. "Golden Grain," which has been published in book-form, is familiar through its appearance in *Harper's Weekly*. The Messrs. Harper also continue the publication of their new edition of the works of Wilkie Collins—an edition which Mr. Collins dedicates to the American people, and which is serviceable, well printed, and generally satisfactory, with the exception of the illustrations, which are of the traditional sort used in novels, i. e., figures in various degrees of distortion, illustrating passages of various degrees of meaningless text, apparently selected because of their lack of connection with the story.

Among children's books there have been, of late, some really encouraging publications; some unpretending, sensible little books, we mean, that remind us ever so slightly of the golden age when to be utterly namby-pamby and devoid of every vestige of intellect, was not the first requisite of children's literature.—"Bec's Bedtime" is a very excellent and bright collection of stories for little people, and it contains one or two especially graceful and charming trifles, in which the author has not thought it necessary to write in what it is a libel upon sensible infants to call "baby-talk," in order to make herself intelligible to those to whom her little sketches will be read. Mrs. Halliwell, of Philadelphia, is the author of the book, and she deserves well of the republic of attentive children.

Of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's capital "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," we spoke in a hurried sentence in our brief list of holiday-books, and we earnestly hope that it had a good holiday sale, for a better present to a youngster of the right mind we should find it hard to select.—Last of all we must name here a little book called "Our Baby," and published by the American Tract Society. It contains the best collection of graceful and happy baby-lyrics we have ever seen, and its editor, whose name is not given, has shown a taste which is thoroughly healthy in their selection. The book is very bright and sunny, as it should be; utterly free from absurdities, and in all respects to be commended.

"Twelve Miles from a Lemon," by Gail Hamilton, is a book which makes us look back with some regret to that writer's earlier days.

Whether it be that the habit of epigrammatic writing, when unduly indulged, overcomes its possessor as surely and with as dire effects as other habits which begin by exhilarating, we do not know; but certain it is that, in a frenzied desire for epigram, many other ambitions which should contribute to good literary production are swallowed up. Gail Hamilton's style has suffered through an inordinate striving for constant brightness, and her sentences seem, nowadays even more than of old, like so many sharp and energetic jumps after smartness, whereby it is sometimes reached, oftener missed. And it seems to us that she should not forget that, in this exercise, missing is not the thing to be most dreaded; there is such a thing as even overleaping one's self, and falling on the other side, where is the deaderest vacuity and the most woful bathos.

The *Overland Monthly* for January, 1874, appears in a new cover of white, with ornamentation of colors and gilding. This we do not like as well as the old plain brown. But the interior of the magazine shows its new editor's hand, and, under Mr. Avery, we hope to see its old success revive.

Art.

THERE never has been a period when such minute attention and criticism have been applied to the fine arts—particularly the art of painting—in England, as at present. Like literature, art has become a profession which pays even its mediocre members well for their labor. Turner got as much more for his pictures than West or Reynolds, proportionally, as Dickens's or Thackeray's receipts exceeded those of Goldsmith and Richardson. The free art-schooling of the South Kensington Museum, the generous encouragement of the Royal Academy, and the fashion which has been long maintained among the wealthy English to hang pieces by modern artists with their precious possessions of the old masters, give every opportunity to struggling artistic talent.

This is an age, however, rather of searching art-criticism than of many brilliant artistic products. In the latter there is a realism, or rather materialism, which does not venture to scale the upper heights of artistic imagination; it would seem as if the English artists were bound down to interpret the same rational tendencies and modified traits which have substituted the Spencerian, Darwinian, and Huxleyan philosophies for those of Bacon and Berkeley, and have made Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott, out of fashion as poets. At the recent annual gathering of the Royal Academy, its president, Sir Francis Grant, in distributing the prizes, took occasion to state his views as to the culture necessary to make an accomplished artist, and gave utterance to two suggestions worth noting. He wishes to recall young artists from their prevailing tendency, on the one hand, to imitate Turner, and on the other to attain a Dutch mastery of detail—to confine themselves to the two extremes of the *bizarre* and sensational, and the deft representation of such every-day scenes as railway-stations and "Derby-days," and would persuade them to return to a careful study of the supreme masters of the art. Permanency of artistic fame can only be acquired by producing that which is universal; that which, appealing to humanity regardless of time, will interest one age as well as another, and one nation as well as another. Sir Francis seems to think that Turner, with all his splendor of imagina-

tion and greatness of execution, is only to be a temporary idol, whose fashion will pass away. He tells the students to seek perfection of form and outline in Raphael, expression and fancy in Correggio, and coloring in Titian. Applying these qualities, which are universal ones, to their own conceptions and the features of their time, they may hope to raise the English school to the height of the classical, which, with all its merits and efforts, it has never yet attained.

Again, he insists on literary culture as a necessary qualification for a great artist in modern times. But here, surely, example fails him. Absence of literary culture, to say the least, quite as often appears in great painters as the contrary. Turner was actually almost illiterate. Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom Sir Francis Grant cites as a literary painter, was far from being a scholar, though he was a great pet and friend of Johnson and Burke; and his lectures on art, it has been broadly hinted, bear marks of the generous assistance of some of his colleagues in "the club." Neither West nor Gainsborough nor Lawrence could be called "well up" even in the English classics; and earlier and greater examples are not wanting to betray rather a conspicuous want of literary taste in artists of genius. After all, it can hardly be supposed that the refinement derived from the cultivation of books can create a taste and inspiration that are not inborn, though it may enlarge the powers of even a great painter. But Sir Francis will do well if he can persuade his ambitious young *confrères* to revert to the mediæval masters of the Italian schools as their teachers and exemplars, for they may do so without being copyists or surrendering independence of fancy, learning only thence the art which is capable of interpreting that which is felt and admired by humanity in all generations.

It is not many years since we, in America, depended nearly altogether upon England for our fine illustrated books. The few attempts made in this country were not satisfactory, and hence it was not uncommon to bring from London whole editions of English works in sheets, and publish them here with an American publisher's title-page. But recently we have been somewhat reversing this process. An edition of the very choicely illustrated "Midsummer-Night's Dream," published this year by Appleton & Co., was sent to England, where it has been received with remarkable favor. The London *Athenæum* says it "is a handsomely-printed copy of the play, with numerous and generally beautiful designs. A large proportion of them are remarkable for a true perception of the spirit of the text, for grace, spirited conception, poetical propriety, and delicacy of execution. We have never seen a better book of the kind, and rarely one which approached this volume in ability and feeling of the illustrator." The designs of this book were made by Mr. Alfred Fredericks, of this city; they were engraved by Mr. Bobbett, also of this city, and the book was printed at Appleton & Co.'s establishment in Brooklyn. It is therefore distinctly an American work, and we can but look upon its reception in England as an incident worthy of mention in the history of native art.

A volume of etchings, we learn from the *Academy*, has lately been published in Paris, which has revealed an almost unknown master to the general public. This master is Georges Michel, who died about thirty years ago. He was little appreciated in his lifetime, but the connoisseurs now call him "the French Ruysdaël." The volume of etchings is accompanied

by a "study" of the artist by Alfred Sensier, who tells us that Michel's harsh landscapes, angry skies, twisted trees, and extensive plains, may be reckoned by thousands. Nothing, it appears, was too insignificant or too mean for this lover of Nature to reproduce. Not only, like Reynolds, could he fight light and shade in a cocked-hat, but he even studied its effects in sewage outfalls. "Such a realist as this," says the *Academy*, "unrepelled by the most unfavorable aspects of Nature, choosing indeed to paint her in her gloomiest and most discordant moods, would doubtless find thousands of subjects for his art. He seems, indeed, to think it no part of his work, as an artist, to select and idealize, but sets himself to paint things

"Just as they are, careless what comes of it.
God's works—paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip."

M. Alfred Sensier has done good service to art by reviving the remembrance of this hitherto neglected artist; but, whether the praise of connoisseurs, and the demand this praise has at last created for his work, will be lasting, it is difficult to say. It is possible that Georges Michel is now as much overrated as he was underrated in his lifetime."

MUSIC.

WE have already glanced in a cursory manner at some of the possibilities of making musical education far more thorough and satisfactory in America than it is at present. The beginnings of such a change in art-culture are embedded in the modes of early training, the apparatus of every-day schools. Something more than this, however, will be needed to complement the process to secure the ripe fruits of generally-diffused musical taste. This must be found in a system of musical conservatories organized on the European plan. However satisfactory in other respects American culture in art may become, the condition of affairs will never reach a level up to the wishes and hopes of æsthetically-cultivated people, till all the machinery of drill and practice shall become as far advanced as the facilities for acquiring professional education in general. One of the most striking features in the art-career of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, whose success has been so great, even when measured by her most gifted contemporaries, is that her education in music was effected in her own country. It is true that this lady's brilliant rise has been the consequence of magnificent gifts, which few under any circumstances have been blessed with, but still her history remains a bright model full of inspiration for others.

Several ambitious attempts have been made to found musical conservatories, and all the tricks of puffery have been lavishly used to cheat the public into an indiscriminating confidence. But all of these have failed, and still American aspirants for musical greatness have been carried abroad in steady streams of travel by the comparative ease with which the higher needs of study are answered in Europe. The European conservatory is a complete musical university, and some of the best ones, as the Conservatoire de Paris and the institution at Leipzig, are armed with even more perfect facilities for the cultivation of music than are the Universities of Oxford and Berlin even for studies in philosophy and literature. Not only are all the branches of the musical art, and the principles of the science taught by the most

accomplished professors; not only is instruction given in the different leading instruments which constitute the orchestra, but that mode of teaching, most efficacious of all, is carefully used which corresponds to the clinical lecture in the medical school, the moot court in the law-school, the lessons in copying and practice which the student in sculpture and painting gets in the picture-gallery or the *atelier* of his master. In other words, to either of the great institutions mentioned above, there is attached a fine orchestra, the special function of which is to educate the ear and sensibility of the musical student through the agency of continual habit. All the different stages in the unfolding of musical taste and talent are illustrated by the daily interpretation of symphony quartets, quintets, etc., and thus theoretical knowledge goes hand-in-hand with most subtle and sensitive feeling in its practice. This crowning agency in a musical curriculum is absent in America from all our so-called conservatories, except from the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, with which all our readers are familiar, at least by name, as having been endowed by the great philanthropist whose name it bears. This institute may, then, be called the only school in the United States which embodies the leading features of a great musical school. It is the pioneer of a full and comprehensive system of teaching. It is all the more remarkable, as music by no means covers all the ground aimed at under Mr. Peabody's endowment; for the nucleus of a great free library is also organized, and liberal provision made for lectures in literature and science.

The musical department of the Peabody Institute professes to include the different branches of vocal and instrumental study, including the leading orchestral instruments as well as the piano, and the school of composition as well as that of mere execution. Attached to the institution is a fine orchestra of forty pieces under the leadership of Mr. Asger Hamerik, a favorite pupil of the great French composer Berlioz, and also of Franz Liszt. The orchestra, in addition to its special connection with the school, performs the same office for Baltimore which is filled in New York by the Philharmonic Society and the Theodore Thomas organization. Mr. Hamerik, the conductor, is also the chief of the staff of instruction in the institute, and the two duties supplement each other admirably. As the symphony concerts with their attendant rehearsals are provided for by the endowment-fund, the directors of the institute are enabled to reduce the rates of admission to a merely nominal price, which permits the poor man who loves music to attend, as well as the man of wealth. In the symphony series there is a regular students' course, in which the principles of handling an orchestra are specifically illustrated, and an attempt made to familiarize the audience with the laws underlying each of the great works produced, as well as each composer's peculiar mode of treatment. The latter aim is further carried out by the rule adopted of confining each one of the concerts to some one of the great schools in music, now the German, now the Italian, and now the French. The student is thus enabled to devote his whole thought to one branch at a time, and to make a careful analysis of the modes and tendencies embodied in each school without danger of confusion. To sum up the peculiarities of these symphony concerts in a few words, it is aimed, even when they are ostensibly given for the general public, to make them subject to the great purpose of the institute, systematic and thorough instruction. The plan on which the musical department of

the Peabody Institute is organized is a grand one, and, though not yet completely unfolded in all its possibilities, promises to lead the way to the solution of one of the great art-problems of the country, viz., "How shall we develop the growing æsthetic tastes of our people under purely home auspices?" There is reason to believe that the example set by the Baltimore institution will soon be followed in other parts of the country; and that New York, though lagging in the rear now, will leap to a preëminence in this as well as other respects.

At the last symphony concert given at Baltimore, Mr. Hamerik devoted the evening to the illustration of the French school of music, making Berlioz's fantastic and wonderful work, "Episode in an Artist's Life," the *pièce de résistance*. This work purports to be the opium-dream of a musician of vivid imagination, who had attempted to poison himself in the frenzy of disappointed love. His delirious phantasies assume the forms of musical sound, and the results, as developed by such a creative genius and master of instrumentation as Berlioz, may be easily conceived. Among the other interesting features of the concert was Mr. J. N. Pattison's piano rendering of Chopin's immensely difficult "Rondo in F major" (Krakowiak).

The production, for the first time in New York, of Raff's new Leonore symphony No. 5, by Mr. Theodore Thomas, on the night of December 28th, was the leading feature of interest in a very delightful concert. The same enterprising leader had previously introduced a work by the same composer, "Im Walde," or the forest symphony, to the public, and secured a favorable recognition of its merits by his splendid interpretation. The Leonore symphony is even a more striking work. The theme is Bürger's weird and fascinating ballad, which describes the despair and longing of the lady looking for the return of her knightly lover, who had gone to the crusade. At last he returns, and the lady discovers, as they ride to the bridal, that under the shining armor is hidden a ghastly skeleton, and that the tomb is to be the nuptial couch. The composer has worked out his musical illustration of the theme with great skill and ingenuity, and, in many phrases as well as in the general fashion of treatment, displays a vigorous originality. The work occupies an intermediate place between the romantic and descriptive school of Wagner and the purer symphonic forms, so rigidly adhered to by the older composers. It is needless to say that the performance by the Thomas orchestra was an admirable one.

At several of the diocesan conventions of the Episcopal Church, within a few years, there has been not a little debate on the question of boy-choirs. With considerable difference of opinion as to other bearings of the question, it is generally conceded that this form of choir is eminently suited for a liturgical service and the rendering of chant-music. It is not too much to say that there is a growing liking for such choirs; and they have been widely adopted in what we may call the cathedral-churches throughout the country, both Episcopal and Catholic. In New York the charm of this species of sacred music has been most effectively illustrated by the choir of Trinity—so much so, indeed, that the fame of it has extended through the land. To the enthusiast in ecclesiastical music this city presents few more powerful attractions than the boy-choir of this oldest of our churches. The magnificent young voice which created such a *furor* in musical

circles, a few years since, will be remembered in connection with the Trinity choral service. Among voices, that of the boy may be characterized as possessing a sexless tone, and combining some of the most effective qualities of the male and female vocal organs. There is much in it which suggests what the imagination would attribute to the angelic choir; and the Christian idea of perfect religious music could hardly have a more fitting exponent. The Sistine Chapel at Rome first built up its musical fame on its choir of boyish voices, and all of the great churches of England use the same agency in their services. To the latter may be attributed the vast number of fine oratorio voices in England, and the success of the great annual festivals there, since the early boyish training in cathedral music lays the foundation for a thorough accomplishment in after-life. The encouragement of the use of boy-choirs may thus be admitted to have an important bearing on musical culture. Aside from the thrilling sweetness of the effects produced—effects which incarnate the religious instinct of praise and triumphant joy to an unsurpassed degree—the connection with the general musical growth of the public is palpable and important. It is to be hoped that this question of boy-choirs will continue to increase in interest, as its agitation can hardly fail to be of public benefit.

National and Statistical.

THE question of cheap transportation, discussed in our last issue, has not come too soon, for in its solution lies the future progress of the country—a progress which is vouchsafed to it by past events and a national energy possessing the highest traits of civilization. The map, upon which science delineates the zodiac of empires and the isothermal axis of progress, tells us that, upon the right of the Mississippi Valley, the European Continent, with its 270,000,000 of people, slopes toward our eastern seaboard, and faces toward the west; while, upon the left hand, Oriental Asia and its islands, with its population of 700,000,000, slopes toward our western seaboard, and faces to the east. To the Mississippi Valley these populations look, to a certain extent, for their future supplies of bread and meat, in exchange for the products that pertain to those continents. The imperative demand for cheap transit is intensely illustrated by the fact that, up to the year 1840, the progress whereby twenty-six States and four Territories had been established and peopled, had amounted to a solid strip of twenty-five miles in depth, added annually from Canada to the Gulf. Now that progress has extended to far across the Mississippi, scaling the mountains and debouching upon the Pacific coast. During the same period the agriculture of the country, in the matter of corn alone, has grown, from an export of 2,064,936 bushels in 1791, to an export at the present time valued at over \$10,000,000, and this year representing a crop equal to 850,000,000 bushels. It was not until 1840 that this crop first appeared in the census, when it was placed at 377,531,875 bushels. The present corn-crop is valued at \$425,000,000, laid down at Chicago. These figures not only demonstrate the development of our agricultural and industrial resources, but afford a striking argument in favor of increased and cheap transit facilities, statistics also showing that existing facilities have increased only a slight ratio as compared with the wonderful rapidity of increase of the demands upon them. Added to this may be mentioned the wheat-

crop, the production of which, however, has not risen to any thing like the relative importance which it holds at the present time. In 1791 the export of this grain was but 1,018,339 bushels, and 619,681 barrels of flour. In 1840 its actual production was placed at 84,823,272 bushels. In 1860 the crop amounted to 173,104,924 bushels; and, in 1870, 287,745,626 bushels. During the past fifteen years our exports of wheat to Great Britain, or its equivalent in flour, have amounted to 143,817,686 cwt., or twenty-seven per cent. of all imported into Great Britain during that period, while Russia has imported only twenty-four per cent. of the whole quantity. Last year a grand total of 88,000,000 bushels was imported into Great Britain, which was several more millions of the cereal than was produced in the United States in 1840. In addition to the vast increase of this crop in the Mississippi Valley, the production of wheat in California for 1873-'74 is estimated at fifty per cent. in excess of that of 1871, and more than double that of last year. Even California, phenomenal California, alone threatens to become the granary of the nations. When Bright and Cobden brought England to the verge of revolution because the rulers of the realm refused to admit free into her ports the wheat of Poland, Hungary, and Southern Russia, no commercial magnate dreamed that even a single State in the American Union would, a quarter of a century afterward, furnish her people with bread—that the golden grain of California would prove more powerful on the Bourse than her golden ore. California to-day has 2,000,000 acres under wheat; but the shipment of her crops is purely a maritime question, which here we do not discuss.

In discussing the questions of postal savings-banks and government telegraphs, it is commonly assumed that it is only necessary to show that certain advantages will arise from these measures in order to prove the wisdom of adopting them. But, if we extend this argument a little further, we will discover that, under such a process of reasoning, government ought to assume the control of a great many other public concerns.

In there an argument in behalf of government telegraphs and government savings-banks that would not apply equally as well to express companies! The express business is, in the main, well conducted as it is; but one could easily imagine a great many advantages that might or would arise if it were made a government affair. It could be extended to all the small towns and villages, the deficits in its receipts in these places being made up from revenues in other places, or supplied from the public treasury; and to many people, especially those residing in the small places, this would seem a very fine thing. The government transports letters and newspapers on this principle, why not money and merchandise!

And, of course, if it is proper for government to establish a banking system for the public, transmit telegraph-messages for the public, carry and deliver parcels for the public, it ought also to provide locomotion and transportation for the public. Railroads would come next in order—if, indeed, they would not, as government measures, precede some of the other projects we have mentioned. And if the government builds and conducts railroads it will, of course, take under its charge canals; and, from canals, slip into the gradual management of our shipping interests. It is difficult, indeed, to say where a government is to stop if once it is assumed that it ought to do every thing it can manage to do and relieve the people of all opportunity for enterprise.

The arguments current in these questions will continue so long as the post-office stands for public example. If we primarily admit that government may carry letters and newspapers for the general public, we concede a principle that involves all the results we have here set forth. To meet these issues squarely, we must begin at the beginning, and deny the propriety of government conducting a post-office. Letter-carrying is in its hands, and it would be quite impracticable to withdraw it now; but it should be understood that, in this matter, government is simply tolerated in exercising a function that primarily it violated a principle in assuming.

From the article on "American Wines," in the revised "AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA," we derive the following statistics of the annual production of wine in the United States. These statistics are mostly derived from private sources, and must be taken only as approximations:

	Gallons.
California.....	5,000,000
Ohio.....	3,500,000
New York.....	3,000,000
Missouri.....	2,500,000
Illinois.....	2,200,000
Pennsylvania.....	2,000,000
Iowa.....	400,000
Kentucky.....	300,000
Kansas.....	300,000
Indiana.....	150,000
North Carolina.....	40,000
Michigan.....	40,000
West Virginia.....	30,000
Virginia.....	30,000
Texas.....	30,000
New Mexico.....	30,000
New Jersey.....	25,000
Wisconsin.....	35,000
Maryland.....	35,000
South Carolina.....	35,000
Alabama.....	30,000
Connecticut.....	30,000
Mississippi.....	15,000
Tennessee.....	15,000
Arkansas.....	15,000
Georgia.....	15,000
Louisiana.....	10,000
Delaware.....	5,000
District of Columbia.....	5,000
Massachusetts.....	5,000
Nebraska.....	5,000
Oregon.....	5,000
Washington Territory.....	5,000
Other States and Territories.....	5,000
Total.....	30,000,000

Of this amount, 5,040,000 gallons would come from the Pacific, and 14,060,000 from the Atlantic coast. The market value of this product is estimated at nearly fourteen million dollars, to which must be added, as the total value of the vintage, about eight millions for grapes consumed, grape-vines, etc. "If the fact is taken into account," says the writer of the article in question, "that grape-culture has really assumed importance only within the last ten years, it may safely be predicted that it will be trebled within the next twenty-five years, and become a vast source of national wealth."

Science.

ALTHOUGH we are not prepared as yet to announce the speedy accomplishment of the Central Park Aquarium scheme, yet it is with pleasure and a certain degree of professional pride that the JOURNAL points to the recognition which its efforts have received from the highest quarters. In addition to the numerous favorable comments of the press, we have at hand letters from eminent scientists commending the efforts of the JOURNAL in this quarter, all of which serve to encourage a continuance of our efforts in behalf of this most worthy project. Among the published notices of the movement is one by Professor Baird, of the

Smithsonian Institution, who, in his "Notes" to *Harper's Weekly*, writes as follows: "The city papers have lately contained a number of articles urging the propriety of establishing an aquarium in Central Park equal to that of Brighton, in England. It is much to be hoped that measures will be taken at an early day for accomplishing this object. There is nothing more attractive to the public than a well-arranged establishment, where the different marine objects may be seen in their native element. Distorted stuffed skins, or shriveled and offensive preparations in alcohol, give but a very inadequate idea of the appearance of the living objects which they attempt to represent. If the Central Park authorities are unwilling to go to the expense of erecting an establishment of this kind, it may not be amiss for them to authorize it to be done by private enterprise, a small fee being charged for admission. The Brighton Aquarium, the largest and most elaborate yet erected, is a pecuniary success, and there is no doubt that, in a city like New York, the number of persons visiting such a collection would be ample to support it on a large scale, as it would be especially attractive to children, and a means of education, by object teaching, of the greatest value. New York is favorably situated for securing all the varieties of animal life belonging to the sea. An abundance of water can, of course, be readily obtained, while the fishing-vessels could easily be engaged to bring in some of their most interesting captures, these to be supplemented by the results of a special mission for the same object. The services of the United States Fish Commission could, doubtless, be secured toward the same end, the very complete apparatus used in its service frequently capturing in a single day what would fill a large number of tanks. We trust, therefore, that this idea will not be lost sight of, and that at an early date we may have the pleasure of chronicling the erection and successful operation of the New York aquarium." To the readers of the JOURNAL it is needless to state that the "city papers" above alluded to are those which have received from the JOURNAL the first suggestions as to the claims of the aquarium, and we here take occasion to thank our contemporaries for the interest they have taken in the movement, and the assistance they have rendered in directing public attention to our proposed plan for its successful accomplishment.

The attention of the public has lately been directed to the superior claims of the automatic telegraph. By the aid of this new method of transmitting and receiving telegraphic signals, it is stated that, in less time and with a greatly reduced force of operators, the same work can be accomplished. As an instance of this, we learn that the last annual message of the President, together with the full text of the Spanish protocol, and a digest of the Treasury report, aggregating eleven thousand six hundred and forty words, were sent from Washington to New York in twenty-two minutes, and this over a single wire. In accomplishing the same result, by the old method, in sixty minutes, the Western Union Company worked eight wires, and required eight sending operators in Washington and eight receiving operators in New York. Were judgment to be formed upon the evidence contained in this brief announcement, there can be no doubt but that it would be in favor of the improved method. Before, however, accepting a statement, the truth of which must needs effect a revolution in this branch of industry, it is but just that the defenders of the

"old way" have a hearing, and from no one would this defense come with greater claim for consideration than from Mr. William Orton, the distinguished president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The Postmaster-General, in his last report, having urged with great persistency the postal-telegraph system, and having taken occasion to condemn the management of the Western Union, President Orton replies, in an exhaustive review of Mr. Cresswell's arguments. It is in the course of this review that we find the following condensed description of the automatic telegraphic system. It is given in the writer's own words, though the reader may do well to remember that the author is a confessed opponent of the scheme. "The automatic system," writes Mr. Orton, "involves three separate and distinct processes: 1. The message must be translated into telegraphic language by perforations in strips of paper, which correspond to the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. 2. The perforated paper must be wound upon a reel, and then made to pass rapidly under a steel comb, the teeth of which, dropping through the perforations, establish electrical connection with the receiving instrument at the other end of the circuit, where the electric current, acting upon chemically-prepared paper, reproduces the dots and dashes. 3. The message, which is then in telegraphic characters, must be translated and copied." From this it appears that the labor of actual transmission of the message is but one-third of that required to be expended before the message is rendered legible to the recipient. There must be, in addition to the operator, an experienced hand to perforate the slips, and a second assistant at the receiving-station to translate and transcribe the message when received. In spite of these objections, which Mr. Orton may be pardoned for placing in their strongest light, it can but be evident that in the automatic system are contained the germs at least of an important and promising discovery.

It is customary for American manufacturers to advance in defense of a poor order of work the plea of high labor, and proclaim that, when artisans can be employed in this country at the low rates now ruling abroad, then they—the employers—will be able to furnish products of equal quality with those of European manufacturers. A thoughtful consideration of the subject, however, compels us to deny the force of these objections; and a tour of the largest works on the Continent, in which the manufacture of finer chemicals is carried on, prompted Dr. Lunge, president of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society, to state, before that body, that the reason for the success of these Continental manufacturers may be attributed to their liberal recognition of professional ability. "You will find," says Dr. Lunge, "in every chemical works on the Continent, always one, and sometimes several chemists, of thorough scientific training, who have acquired their theoretical basis by three or four years' studying at a university or polytechnical institution." So fully do these manufacturers recognize the importance of theoretical training, that one of them—the head of one of the largest German works—employs six professional chemists, at salaries ranging from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars a year. In addition to these six, who are in regular attendance, he retains the services of an accomplished chemist of scientific reputation, at an annual salary of ten thousand dollars, exclusively for theoretical work in the laboratory. No wonder that these foreign competitors "are taking the wind out of our

sails." It is safe to say that in no manner can manufacturers insure a safer investment of capital than in paying well for intelligent and trained professional service. And in this department it cannot be denied that American employers are woefully near-sighted. We could deduce, from personal experience evidence in this quarter abundant to prove the truth of this statement. And it may be possible that a vivid recollection of this leads us to speak with more emphasis than usual. Nor do we stand alone, since frequent conversations with graduates and trained technical scholars have served to strengthen the opinions advanced by Dr. Lunge, that, unless English and American manufacturers grant suitable recognition and pay to trained assistants, they will find continental rivals far ahead of them in the contest for supremacy.

From a recent review of the Rev. Dr. Haughton's experiments regarding the muscular force exerted by the human heart, we condense as follows: The heart is composed of innumerable muscular fibres arranged like two balls of twine, each with a cavity in its centre, and both completely enveloped in a third ball. These fibres are, however, not continuous, as in the case of twine wound on a ball, but work independently. By calculating the force exerted by these fibres, when either contracted or extended, and expressing the result in "foot-tons"—that is, in the force required to lift a ton to the height of one foot—it appears that the daily work of the left ventricle alone, which lifts at each stroke three ounces of blood through a height of 9,923 feet, is equal to 89,706 foot-tons. Estimating the relative power of the right ventricle to that of the left, in the proportion of 5 to 13, the total daily work of both is equal to 124,208 foot-tons. Although the average weight of the heart is but 9.86 ounces, the work done by it in a given time exceeds that accomplished by all the other muscles exercised in a boat-race during the same period. Helmholtz, the German physicist, proved that the heart could raise its own weight 20,280 feet in an hour, while the best locomotive engine could only raise its own weight 2,700 feet in the same time. An active climber, with the full exercise of all the needed muscles, can only accomplish 9,000 feet in nine hours, or one-twentieth the work done by the heart.

A recent writer offers certain interesting facts regarding the relative weights of men and women, from which we condense as follows: The average weights of boys at birth range a little over six pounds and a half, while girls fall a little below this figure. For the first twelve years the two sexes increase in weight in about the same ratio, after which time the boys take the decided lead—the result being that young men of twenty average about one hundred and forty-three pounds, while the average for young women of the same age is twenty-three pounds less. Men reach their heaviest bulk at the age of thirty-five, their average weight at that time being about one hundred and fifty-two pounds. The maximum of weight is attained by women at fifty years, and is about one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. The weight of the average man or woman at full growth is about twenty times that at birth.

We learn, from *Nature*, that Mr. Henry Lee reports the development of a new calcareous sponge in the Brighton Aquarium. In its early condition it closely resembles, in its mode of growth, *Leucosolenia botryoides*, but afterward, in some instances, becomes massive

and semi-globose. This sponge has received from Dr. Bowerbank the name *Leuconia Somesii*, in honor of Mr. Somes, chairman of the Brighton Aquarium Company.

In this day, when the dredges of the Challenger are daily bringing to light new and wonderful marine creations, the addition of a single sponge to the list might seem an event of minor importance, and yet, when it is borne in mind that the conditions of the development are novel, and the opportunities for its study peculiarly advantageous, there is at once presented another forcible argument in favor of the aquarium as an aid to scientific research.

The following ingenious and apparently practicable method for extinguishing fires on shipboard is proposed by Dr. Schuppert, of New Orleans: At given points in the hold of the vessel are to be placed boxes filled with marble-dust and carbonate of lime. Each box is to be connected with the deck by means of a lead pipe. These pipes may terminate above deck in a suitable funnel. When a fire is discovered in the hold, sulphuric acid is poured down the pipes, and this, coming in contact with the marble-dust, causes an active evolution of carbonic-acid gas, which finds its way into the hold through holes in the boxes, and thus the whole cargo is surrounded by an atmosphere which is not a supporter of combustion. As this gas is heavier than air, it would not escape until the hold was filled to overflowing.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone has declined to afford government aid to another arctic expedition until the return of the Challenger, which is engaged on work more likely to be of benefit to science than voyages of discovery to the north-pole. This decision, of course, meets with an earnest protest from the English science journals, and the editor of *Nature* reviews it severely. Though there may be a question whether Chancellor Gladstone is "scientific," there can be no doubt but that he is "patient," else would he long since have refused to favor the schemes of those who are so ungrateful for favors already received.

Sir Samuel Baker has delivered his first address, since his return, before the London Geographical Society. The audience was large, distinguished, and brilliant, and included the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The address related mainly to the efforts made to secure the suppression of the slave-trade. At a later day we shall hope to learn further regarding the scientific results attained by the expedition.

It is announced that Signor Schiaparelli, director of the Milan Observatory, has been appointed director of the Florence Observatory. The Florentine Observatory is located near Galileo's Tower at Arutri, and the post to which Signor Schiaparelli has been advanced is that recently filled by the late distinguished Italian astronomer Donati.

ADDITIONS TO THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE AND MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 27, 1873.

Additions to Menagerie.

1 Pair of Imported Kerry Cattle (*Bos taurus*). Presented by Mr. Thomas P. Ramsdell, of Newburg. These cattle come from the southwestern part of Ireland, which is a rough, mountainous, and sterile district. Youatt says, "The Kerry is truly a poor man's cow, living everywhere, hardy, yielding, for her size, an

abundance of milk of good quality." They are about three feet high.

1 Hare (*Lepus Hibernicus*). Habitat, Ireland. Presented by Mr. Thomas Hamilton.

1 Pair of Wild Turkeys (*Meleagris gallinacea*). Purchased. These turkeys were captured at Chancellorsville, Virginia.

1 Red and Yellow Macaw (*Arara chlocoptera*). Habitat, South America. Placed on exhibition.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Additions to Museum.

103 Specimens Lepidoptera—moths and butterflies, with their larvæ, handsomely preserved. Presented by Dr. E. Hofmann, of Stuttgart.

A. S. BICKMORE, Superintendent.

Contemporary Sayings.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that the "good old-fashioned simpleton is dying out," but finds one in the hero of a story now current in Berlin: "A certain young officer returned home late one evening, and, having reason to suppose that he should find it difficult to rouse himself in the morning, told his servant to come and call him exactly at six, and to time himself by the watch which lay by the bedside. Accordingly, next morning, at five, the good fellow came in on tiptoe, looked at the watch, and went out again. He did not return till seven, when he woke his master, who upbraided him in no measured terms for his unpunctuality. 'But, lieutenant,' pleaded the worthy lad, 'there was no six upon the watch, so I waited till seven!'—the fact being that the seconds'-dial, as usual, trenched on the place of the lowest figure of the hour-dial, and necessitated its omission."

Professor Woolsey, speaking of international arbitration, says: "If we were to offer our recipe to states sick of war, it would be something like this: Without a league or tribunal, make a convention embracing these few articles: that armies shall be proportionately brought down to the minimum necessary for internal security; that all money necessary for foreign war shall be raised by means of annual taxes; that no person within the state shall take part in a war loan made to a foreign power, without incurring severe penalties; and that no material of war shall be exported to a belligerent. We are not so sanguine as to suppose that our recipe will be adopted, but we suggest it, as Mr. Lincoln would say, for the benefit of all concerned."

The *Spectator* says the effect of the Trianon court-martial is, that "Marshal Bazaine becomes M. Bazaine, condemned for life to a mild form of imprisonment, and pays a fine estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." It thinks one of the results of the trial will be to increase indefinitely the influence of M. Gambetta. "The *fou furieux* was right, then, in continuing the war; right in believing that he could win if only Bazaine would fight, right in the fierce denunciation which half Europe believe to be a cry of wounded vanity, and not the cry of despairing patriotism. It will take time even yet, but M. Gambetta is thirty-five."

Dr. Chambers gives in his "Scrap-Book" an illustration of the ignorance prevailing in certain central portions of England: "A clergyman having come to baptize a newly-born infant, whom he understood to be a boy, he asked what name he should give the child. The father, quite at a loss, had no predilections on the subject. 'Shall it be a Scripture name?' Assent. 'Well, what Scripture name?' The man agreed, at the minister's suggestion, that Benjamin would do. As he was retiring afterward, he heard a great shouting, and, turning back, met the father, who exclaimed: 'Sir, it wunna do—it maun be done again—the bairn's a wench!'"

The *Athenæum* is beginning to sparkle again as in the days of Hepworth Dixon, and "racy notices" are again the rule. Here is a specimen: "The author of 'Charles Lysaght'

has happily described his performance as being a 'novel without novelty,' and has allotted to each volume respectively the appropriate titles, 'Six of One' and 'Half a Dozen of the Other.' Whether these legends refer to the equal demerit of the volumes, or the community of guilt which author and publishers have incurred in their production, we are at a loss to say, but we certainly never met with a feebleness or volumes worse got up."

Of Sara Coleridge, whose "Memoir" and "Letters" are attracting so much comment, Aubrey de Vere, the poet, says: "She had a keener appreciation of the highest thought than of subjects nearer the range of ordinary intellects. She moved with the lightest step over the loftiest ground. Her feet were beautiful upon the mountains of ideal truth. For her they were not barren, but honey came out of the flinty rock. She was more at ease when musing upon the mysteries of the soul than when dealing with the humbler topics of literature." The same might have been appropriately said of her father.

The *Scientific American* observes, *à propos* of Heenan's death: "Study is to the mind as exercise is to the body; both alike act as developing powers, but neither body nor mind can be carried to a relative success of cultivation except at the expense of the other. 'Mens sana in corpore sano' does not refer either to pundits or prize-fighters. It means a mind well balanced, well organized, and varied in ability, coupled with a body healthy, vigorous, and strong—the one capable of grappling with the highest thoughts and ideas, the other with the deepest ills and obstacles incident to every walk in life."

An old Parisian beggar, famous for his success, thus explains the business "rules" to which he says he invariably adheres: "I never ask alms of one who has dined, as *roubis* renders a man selfish, nor of stout men, as it bores them to stop, nor of any one putting on his gloves, nor of a lady alone, but always of any one manifestly going to dinner, of people walking together, as their *amour-propre* makes them generous, of officers in dark uniforms, and of people apparently seeking favor from the government—they think that a gift will bring them luck."

The *Golden Age* has some reminiscences of Thackeray, and on one point says: "Thackeray's manner to his general acquaintance contributed no doubt to the impression which the world at large formed of his scoffing and cynical spirit; he was ceremoniously and chillingly polite, and profoundly reserved in general society, but, amid his intimates, he was full of geniality, heartiness, and frankness—the jolliest of companions, troling out the merriest of songs, with the merriest twinkle in his eyes that his spectacles could not obscure."

The *Nation*, speaking of the current financial jargon, says: "Whether a man is an authority on currency depends largely on his mental training and ability. He may have dealt in money all his life, and be a financial dunderhead; he may have no experience in business, and be a financier of the highest order. Some of the most stupendous financial nonsense on record has been talked by merchants and bankers; some of the highest financial wisdom produced by men who had never been inside a counting-house."

A writer in *Temple Bar*, discussing eighteenth-century literature, says: "It is extremely strange that both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray, two men whose writings are so singularly pure, should have quoted Smollett as such a witty writer, and have considered him, or affected to consider him, their master; it would puzzle any one to find a witty passage in Dickens or Thackeray with a *double entendre*; it would puzzle any man to find a funny passage in Smollett without one."

Very odd excuses are put forward in courts of justice; but this, from *Chambers's Journal*, surpasses all: "A French republican, condemned to death for murdering his wife and child without extenuating circumstances, demurred to the sentence, because capital punishment had been abolished in France for political offenses, and he had killed his wife and child for no other reason but because they were legitimists."

Ex-Secretary Welles has his book on "Lincoln and Seward" nearly ready for the press. He disclaims the idea that it is actuated by personal feelings against Mr. Seward; on the contrary, he and Mr. Seward were warm friends; but he looks upon Mr. Lincoln as "a colossal figure, who acted always his great self, and permitted no one but himself to be President, though always glad and grateful for suggestions and counsel."

The *Tribune* thinks that "twenty minutes spent by a mistress in giving to a new servant the idea that they both are human beings and Christians, entering into a relation which requires honesty, faithfulness, and womanly gentleness on both sides, would do more toward saving the crockery and producing decently-cooked victuals than a full course of instruction by Blot or Miss Beecher on housewifery."

Bishop Potter, lecturing the other night on "Books and Brains," said: "Books are the only things that connect the past with the present and future; without them the deeds and words of men would never be handed down beyond the generation immediately succeeding them, and, without books, the very names of the world's heroes would perish from the earth."

The author of a remarkable article on "The Future of Farming," in the *Fortnightly Review*, thinks that "we may look to a time when farming will become a commercial speculation, and will be carried on by large joint-stock concerns, issuing shares of ten, fifteen, or fifty pounds each, and occupying from three to ten thousand acres."

Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, has an article in the last *Blackwood* on the marbles of the Parthenon, generally attributed to Phidias, in which he argues that "there is not only no proof that Phidias was their author, but almost no evidence tending to show that such was the fact."

The *Pull Mall Gazette* thinks it probable that "the ingenuity and industry of man are never thoroughly developed until he is shut up in prison, and spends his life in a single-handed combat with monotony."

According to Dr. Holland, "the average American, in the average American restaurant, eats his dinner in the average time of six minutes and forty-five seconds."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

DECEMBER 25.—Dispatches from Cartagena, Spain, announce that Fort San Juan has been breached. An explosion in one of the batteries killed twenty of the besieging force.

Death, at Greenwood, Mass., of Charles Lenox Remond, a well-known abolitionist.

Intelligence that the bark Thornhill, bound from Quebec to London, was lost at sea in November last, with captain and sixteen men.

DECEMBER 26.—Resignation of General Sickles, minister to Spain.

Steamer Gypsey Queen sunk in the Tyne, England; twenty lives lost.

Carlists defeated near Bocarrente, province of Valencia.

Report of the defeat of Cuban insurgents at Fort Diamant.

Death, at Paris, of François Victor Hugo, in his forty-fifth year.

The steamer Virginus, under tow by the Ossipee, proves unseaworthy, and sinks off Cape Fear. The crew transferred to the Ossipee.

Engineers and employes of Western railroads on a strike.

DECEMBER 27.—Contests between the municipal and state forces in the cities of Matamoros, Monterey, and Tampico.

Caleb Cushing nominated as minister to Spain.

Slope of the Burnside Colliery, at Shamokin, Pa., caves in; three men killed.

Partial suspension of traffic on Western railroads on account of engineers' strike.

DECEMBER 28.—Report that General Burriel, of Cuba, has been relieved of his command because, in a recent proclamation, he attacked the existing administration of Spain. The Spanish Government refuses to accept the resignation of Captain-General Jovellar of Cuba.

Arrival of the Juniata at New York from Santiago de Cuba with 102 of the prisoners taken from the Virginus.

DECEMBER 29.—Offices of Lloyd's newspaper, London, destroyed by fire.

Advices from Central America. Apprehensions of a conflict between Costa Rica and other Central-American states. The press of Nicaragua, Salvador, and Guatemala, indignant against Costa Rica, as the cause of the evils that threaten the peace of Central America. President Guardia of Costa Rica has resigned.

The treaty between Bokhara and Russia is published. Bokhara agrees to abolish slavery in return for the gift of the Khivan territory on the right bank of the Amu-Daria River.

Advices that the Achinese have again been defeated by the Dutch troops.

A fatal encounter between Americans and Mexicans in Lincoln County, N. M.; death of seven persons.

Intelligence that Ralph Keeler, well-known writer, and Cuban correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, was lost from the mail-steamer on a voyage from Santiago to Batabano. Supposed to have fallen overboard.

DECEMBER 31.—Report from Spain that General Moriones, republican, is at Castro, in Cordova, with 6,000 troops, and that General Elio, at the head of 10,000 Carlists, is marching to meet him. Report of a rupture between Castelar and Salmeron, president of the Cortes.

Intelligence that the steamship Elbe, bound from London to Hamburg, has been lost at sea, thirty-two persons perishing.

Death, at Paris, of John Anthony Galignani, editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, and well known as proprietor of the library and reading-room attached to the *Messenger* office, where English and American travelers are in the habit of assembling. Was of English birth, aged sixty-eight.

Accident on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis Railroad. Three persons killed, eight injured.

Notices.

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